

THE
Modern Story-Teller;
OR,
GENERAL ENTERTAINER.

BEING

A Collection of merry, polite, grave, moral, entertaining and improving Tales and Novels, all entirely new, and never before printed; calculated for the general Use and Benefit of all Degrees of People, of whatsoever Sex, Age, or Opinion; and each Story embellished with a proper Motto, from the most approved and celebrated Authors.

To which is prefixed,

A prefatory ESSAY, shewing the Rules, Advantages and general Use of that pleasing Art of telling a Story well.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

Happy is the Man that findeth Wisdom, and the Man that getteth Understanding. For the Merchandize of it is better than the Merchandize of Silver, and the Gain thereof than fine Gold. She is more precious than Rubies: And all the Things thou can'st desire, are not to be compared unto her.

Prov. iii. 13, 14, 15.

D U B L I N:

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Shewing the Rules, Advantages and general Use of that most pleasing Art of telling a Story well.

TH E pleasing Art of Story-telling, or of telling a Story well, has, indeed, been attempted by many, but attained by few. The Reason of which, I will attempt to account for; and which, if I succeed, may serve my Reader for some Instructions towards acquiring that agreeable Art.

Let us then consider, that in all Tales, or Stories, there ought to be either Humour, Incident, or Novelty, to support it, and render it worth the Hearing; for, if it be not worth the Hearing, it can never be worth the Trouble of telling: And though a Tale may have Incidents and Novelty, sufficient to support it, yet it may be destroyed or improved by the Manner of telling; and which may make the self-same Story a very good one, or a very bad one, according as it is told.

Certainly there is something in the Art of Story-telling, more than is generally conceived: And,

trifling as it may seem, I cannot but think this Work may be as generally beneficial, useful and entertaining, as any of its Price ever yet published. Nor is there any Thing in it set forth, but what does manifestly tend to the promoting of instructive Entertainment, and moral Improvement. And I have taken special Care so to blend the Stories, (of a different Cast) that every next Story is sure to be wide in Nature from the former: So that if the Reader should find himself (by the Gravity of the Tale) drawn into such a gloomy Cast, as he does not chuse to continue, it is but his reading the next Story, and a thousand to one he finds something in it that will disperse the Cloud, and fully answer his Expectation.

I shall not here pretend to impose upon my Reader, all the Stories contained in this Work, as absolutely new ones of my own creating, being obliged to several of my worthy Acquaintance for the Ground-work of some few of them. But, indeed, I have contented myself with only retaining the necessary Hints of the Stories for my present Use; and have ventured to deviate so far from my Authors Manner of delivering them, that (some few Incidents excepted) they have not the least Resemblance of the same Stories they were before. And whether they are here presented and altered for the better, or not, I will refer to those candid and good-natured Persons, to whom, and for which, I am originally beholden. But thus far I will venture to say, (with Submission to my Reader) there are so many Alterations in most of them, that a cautious and judicious Person (who has heard it told before) may here point out many significant Touches and Emendations, which greatly illustrate and support the Spirit of the Tale, and that never were before hinted at. Nor have I attempted, through the whole Work, to present one Story that I could ever learn had made its Appearance before in Print, and therefore I shall make no further Apology, but submit to the Publick to judge of the Whole.

I must

I must here inform my Reader, that the Art of telling a Story well, is an acquired Pitch of Knowledge, well worthy the Pains and Notice of the most learned and ingenious Persons. I call it an acquired Pitch of Knowledge, because it is as much beyond the Reach of some, who are mere Scholars only, as it is above others, who are merely illiterate. Nay, I may venture to say more so; for we shall often find a Person that is quite unlearned, who, by the Strength of his natural Genius, is capable of delivering his Tale to the entire Satisfaction of every good-natured Auditor, (who is pleased to be satisfied with the plain Entertainment of a good Story tolerably told, without gorging his voracious and ill-natured Appetite with a surfeiting After-course of critical Remarks) when, at the same Time, I must observe, that, within the small Scope of my Acquaintance, I have known several Gentlemen, (reputed fine Scholars) who, when they have attempted to entertain their Companions with the Repetition of some remarkable good Story, have so miserably mangled it, by their Way of telling, that their disappointed Hearers were totally at a Loss to conceive in what Part of their Tale lay the Cream of their Jest, or, what was sufficient to induce them to tell it.

Towards attaining this great and pleasing Art, I would strongly enjoin my Readers to observe these two Things, Nature and Character; without which, no Man can possibly tell a Story well; and which, two Words only comprehend the Ground-work of the whole System, and on which all the other Rules absolutely depend. If it be unnatural, it is impossible it can be either just or pleasing to the Hearer or Reader; and if it be any Way out of Character, it must, consequently, be unnatural; therefore, Nature and Character must be always the Ground-work of your Tale; and, as I shall here shew you, to tell a Story well, requires many Requisites. — In the first Place, you ought to have a good Memory, to retain the Incidents, (on which the Success of the Story depends.) In the second Place, you should be a com-

pleat Judge of Nature, that every Character, represented in your Story, may not only speak its proper Dialect, but also speak in a proper Sense, as well as neither to over-act nor under-act itself. Thirdly, you must be a tolerable Judge of Passions, that you may be sure not to mistake nor misrepresent them; for several of the Passions are so like to one another, that (with those who are unskilled) they are often misapprehended and misrepresented, and which must certainly be a very great Detriment, either in the perfect Delivery or Understanding of a Story. And, fourthly, you must be Master of a Sufficiency of Words, and have no Impediment in your Speech; for a Stammerer will make but a bad Orator, and to want Words will create a Stammering.—Therefore, to tell a Story well, I may call Oratory, and on which Point, I shall hereafter speak more largely; but at present I will endeavour to shew, that the pleasing Art of Story-telling is more worthy Notice, Improvement, and Encouragement, from all Degrees of People whatsoever, than any one single Art besides that now takes Place in a modern Catalogue; and I would advise every Person, who attempts to tell a Story after another, not to tell it in the other Person's Manner; for every Man has a Manner of Speech and Delivery peculiar to himself, which a Copier must consequently fall short of: Or, should he follow him in some Things ever so closely, nay, even so far as to gain Applause by it, yet he is not comparable with the former; because, he could strike a Beauty out of himself, which the other can (at best) but faintly imitate. Then, since it is most probable that an Imitator must absolutely fall short of the Original, so likewise another Person (being armed with these few Hints I here present him) may, in all Likelihood, from his own emulating Manner and Genius, as far exceed the former, as the Imitator must prove deficient; for, as I have said, all Stories ~~are to be improved~~, or made worse, according as they are ~~told~~: And, as I have shewn above, that some People will mangle a good Story in the telling, that

that the Hearers shall be at a Loss to know where or in what Part of the Story the Jest lies. I am tempted here to present my Reader with a lively Instance, which I myself, the other Day, was an Ear-witness of; and that the Story-teller did not in the least even guess where the Kernel of his Nut lay.

There goes a Story of three Gentlemen (intimate Acquaintance) being met, to pass an Evening over a Bottle, whose Names were *Strange*, *Moore*, and *Wright*; and after several smart Things had past between them, *Wright* began the following triplicit Joke: Says he, here are three married Men in Company, and but one *Cuckold*, and that is *Strange*.—Yes, replies *Strange*, (immediately) there is one *More*.—Ay, Egad, cries *Moore*, (directly) and that is *Right*.

Now, here, Mr. *Wright*, who begun the Lash, finding the last Stroke rest upon himself, was, in an Instant, like a Top, whipped fast asleep.—Mr. *Witwoud*, an Acquaintance of mine, (who had heard this Story told, and much commended for its quick and smart Turns of Wit, tho' he knew not whereabouts it lay; for he, as my Reader will find, was absolutely out of the Plot) had, in his Turn, a Mind to entertain a Number of us, who were at that Time in Company with him, with the Recital of this good Story, and which he told as follows.

Three Gentlemen, says he, happened to be in Company, whose Names were *Wright*, *Strange*, and *Moore*.—*Moore* says to the other two, here are three married Men in this Company, and but one *Cuckold*, and that is *wonderful*.—Yes, replied *Strange*, there is one *other*.—Ay, Egad! cries *Wright*, and that is *true*.

Now, these Repartees being totally annihilated by his ingenuous Way of telling his Story, and most of the Company having heard it before, instead of our laughing at the Wit of his Tale, we could not help turning it with Contempt upon poor *Witwoud*, for his Manner of marring it.—And this will ever be

the Consequence with every Person who fails in the Manner that he did.

But, that my Intention here is not to tire my Reader with a Tautology of either Matter or Circumstances, or I could present him with many such Pieces of Ingenuity; but perhaps more of them would be very improper in this Place: And therefore, I shall refer him to the following Work, where he will find a Story under the Title of *The humorous Justice*; another under that of *Wit by Chance, or, the Blunderer*; and several others in the same Cast that are properly dispersed through this Work, which may serve him for sufficient Lights and Sea-marks through the Voyage of these Sheets, to prevent him from ever splitting upon the same Rocks.—And so I return to my former Purpose:

Which is next, to caution my Reader, if he should attempt to tell a Story, that he takes Care to begin it in a Style suitable to his own Capacity. If he be unlettered, let him be cautious that he attempts not a Style or Manner that is out of his Reach; for nothing can make a Man appear more contemptible than his endeavouring to entertain and surprize you with an incoherent Jargon of ridiculous hard Words, when either ill chose, wrong placed, or ignorantly pronounced: And yet those Beauties I have often been diverted with; and which always put me in Mind of the Description of Sir *Amorous Vainwit*, given by Captain *Manly*, in the Play of *Woman's a Riddle*.—"I have known him, says he, compliment a Lady in the Terms of Chymistry and Fortification; his Conversation is mere Pedantry; he is as ridiculous and more unintelligible than a Quack Physician."—By this small Description of a Pedant, we may easily judge how contemptible every such conceited Coxcomb must appear to a Person of real Understanding; therefore, I would enjoin my Reader (I mean he who may really have Occasion for my Documents, and think them worth remembering) to endeavour no other Method in telling his Story, than that of his own natural Style and Manner: For
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our Language is so copious, that even the most unpolished Clown may, and very often does, deliver his Tale to the utmost Satisfaction of every Person about him; and which is one Argument, that the most natural and easy Way is always the best. It is not a glaring Pomp of Words that makes an Oration always worth the hearing; and the Stile must not be only suited to the Subject, but likewise to the Orator: For it is as difficult for an illiterate Person to speak sublimely, as it is for a Person of Understanding and Learning to talk Nonsense. I would likewise recommend strongly to my Reader, that he be very cautious, regular and slow in the Delivery of any Harangue, lest Hurry should create Fear, and that Fear should divest him of all Power of Proceeding, which very often happens. A greater Instance of this cannot be brought, than that remarkable one of the great Mr. *Addison*, who, though a very great Author, Scholar, Philosopher and Statesman, when he attempted to speak in the House of Commons, could never exceed the seventh Word before a total Silence stagnated his Essay.—The Explanation of the Cause of this Deficiency, I have often heard attempted; but I own I am so unhappy as never to have met with a Person yet, who could (in my Opinion) advance any Reason for this Defect, worthy of any Regard.—One argues, *that he was never allowed to be a good Orator*; another, *that it was occasioned by the Awe or Dread of speaking before so august and learned an Assembly*; and a third, *that it might arise from his being unacquainted with the Subject-Matter*.—Very unlikely, and poor Arguments these; indeed, that so great a Man, and a Secretary of State too, should be supposed insufficient, afraid of speaking before his Friends, or ignorant of the Thing he ought most to be acquainted with.—Now, I apprehend this Timidity to arise from a Sensibility, and uncommon Modesty; not a Dread of Speaking, or Fear of his Disqualifications, but a Consciousness of the Super-expectations of his Auditors: For, knowing that his Writings had been so universally re-

ceived and applauded, he was apprehensive that something more extraordinary would be expected from his Performance, than perhaps from any other Person's in that great Assembly, which sudden Reflection might instantly produce a rapid and confused Hurry of Spirits, violent Palpitations, and many other Con-junctives, that rendered him instantly incapable of proceeding, by banishing from his Memory, the chief Points or Topics of his Purpose, and crowding in their Room, numberless of irregular and undigested Ideas that totally stopped his Utterance. — But least my Reader should not be satisfied with the Probability of this Argument; I will beg Leave to strengthen it by a similar Example from my own Experience; I mean so far as agrees with the inward Perturbations above suggested. — Some few Years ago, I took it into my Head to attempt a Character upon the Stage, and though my Part was of my own chusing, and I as perfect in the Words as a Man could possibly be, yet it is beyond the Power of Description to decypher what I felt at the first Moment of my Appearance. My Blood began to flow with uncommon Velocity; strong bathing Sweats instantly followed; a stupid Wildness seized my Eyes; my Knees knocked together; and my whole agitated Frame was in a Moment so thoroughly disordered, that my Voice, Utterance, Meaning, Intention, and all rational Ability, in one Moment, took their Flight together, and left me exposed the most pitiful Hero that ever disgraced a Buskin.

This Fear in a young Actor, at his first attempting the Stage, I was told by Mr. *Rich*, was not a bad Prognostic; for if the young *Rafus* intended to persevere, this Diffidence would, in all Probability, make him the more severely scrutinize into himself; which, if he be a Man of Sense, must greatly contribute to the Improvement of his Talents, and discover to him the plainer, his own Deficiency. — And which Remark of Mr. *Rich*'s I have often since (by Observation) found true; for we have several Actors at this Time upon the Stage, who, at their first theatrical

atrical Attempts, were terribly abashed, and consequently made but an indifferent Figure; yet, now, they fill the first Characters with infinite Applause.— And we have others, who, chiefly by their sufficient Stock of Assurance, at their first Exhibition, gave promising Hopes of their improving, to be some Time or other very extraordinary Performers; but, alack-a-day! Time and Trial have evinced the contrary; for they have improved themselves so fast, and so well, through several Years Experience, that they are now become even contemptible to the last Degree.

But I remember, that I just now supposed I might well call all Kind of Oratory, Story-telling; and then, consequently, the Art of Story-telling must be Oratory.—To prove which, I shall beg Leave to mention the Pulpit, the Bar, all Kind of Lectures, and likewise the Stage. All these severally considered, according to their different Variations, and natural Tendencies, I conceive are neither more nor less than a downright Story-telling. Why does one Man give more Pleasure than another, in the telling of his Story, but that he has a better Method or Manner in the Delivery of it?—For Example:—Two Clergymen shall preach the very same Sermon; the one, by his Delivery and Way of preaching it, shall charm his Auditors into an unsatiable Desire for his Continuance; and the other, by his Manner, shall fill the same Congregation with Spleen, Drowsiness, and Contempt.—Two Lawyers shall have the same Briefs, Word for Word, (and which is a Case different from that above of the two Clergymen, *i. e.* a different Kind of Oratory, because the Sermons are only to be read by each of them; but the Lawyers Orations are extempore, from their Briefs, which are only Topics, Themes or Mementos of the many Points requisite to be spoken to) and yet, one of these Lawyers, in the telling of his Tale, shall prove your Patience in avoiding to commit a Battery upon his Person as a Reward for his Labours; and the other, shall draw from you your free Forgiveness, though

at the same Time, he may have picked your Pocket, or talked you out of an Estate.—And which likewise is the different Effects of Story-telling.

That all Kind of Lectures are also another Sort of Story-telling, is past Contradiction: And the Pupils must certainly improve more or less, according to the Pertinence, Force and Intelligence of the Oration: And which must consequently be proportionable to the Abilities of the Orator.

And, in order to prove that the Art of Story-telling is worthy the most serious Regard, and that all Kind of Orations whatsoever, are no more than Story-telling, I shall quote a few Passages from several Authors of the greatest Estimation, as well as to shew the Use, Power and Efficacy of this rare and ingenious Art.—In the first Place, from *Shakespeare's Othello*.

Othello, being accused and brought before the *Venetian* Senate, by *Desdemona's* Father, for stealing his only Daughter, and marrying her without his Privy or Consent, is demanded of, by the Duke, what he can say in his own Behalf, to vindicate such a Rape? He desires, that the Lady may be sent for, to make Report of him to the Council, before her Father: And, after confessing the Allegation to be true, (of his having married her) he proceeded thus:

“ Yet, by your gracious Patience,

“ I will a round unvarnish'd Tale deliver

“ Of my whole Course of Love, &c.”

Which Tale, being artfully told and finished, gave such a general Satisfaction to the whole Senate, and had such an Effect upon them all, as totally disarmed their Resentment, and drew the following Answer from the Duke:

“ I think this Tale would win my Daughter too.”

In *Rowe's Fair Penitent*, *Horatio* having discovered *Calista's* Frailty, by finding her Letter to *Lothario*, *Lavinia* finds him in a perturbed Mood, and endeavours to discover from him the Cause on't, which he refusing

refusing to comply, makes this Remark (with a Compliment to his dear *Lavinia*) of the mighty Contrast between virtuous and vicious Women.

“ — Thou art innocent,
 “ Simplicity from Ill, pure native Truth,
 “ And Candour of the Mind, adorn thee ever ;
 “ But there are such false ones in the World,
 “ ’Twould fill thy gentle Soul with wild Amazement,
 “ To hear their Story told.”

In *Otway's Orphan*, *Chamont*, after acquainting his Sister with his horrid Dream, and his meeting with a wrinkled Hag, who had dreadfully alarmed him, by bidding him make Hasten to save a Sister, on her endeavouring to pass it off as nothing, proceeds,

“ Oh ! but she told me such a Tale, *Monimia* !
 “ As in it bore great Circumstances of Truth.”

What I would here infer from the above Quotation, is, that the Art of Story-telling is in itself so significant, and carries such a Weight with it, as to render it worthy of the greatest Men's Notice, in all Ages ; and to shew what a strange Effect an artful Tale may have upon the Spirit of the Hearers. — *Othello*, by his skilful Story, not only gained his Pardon, but also a general Applause. Nay, even after the Duke had promised *Brabantio* to punish the Ravisher, even as he pleased, *though his own Son should happen to be the Man* ;

“ Whoe'er he be (says he) that in this foul Proceeding
 “ Hath thus beguil'd your Daughter of herself,
 “ And you of her ; the bloody Book of Law
 “ You shall yourself read, in the bitter Letter
 “ After your own Sense ; yea, tho' our proper Son
 “ Stood in your Action.”

All which Danger was by his eloquent Tale, notwithstanding his grim Complexion, easily removed ; and he, immediately restored to Favour and Honour. — The old Gypsy's Tale made so deep an Impression upon *Chamont*, that *Monimia*, notwithstanding he loved

loved her so dearly, had much ado to appease his Apprehension.—*Horatio* assured his dear *Lavinia*, that if she was but to hear the Story of some lewd Women told, it would fill her gentle Soul with wild Amazement.—All which carry very strong Meanings with them. And I shall mention one more Instance here, of only a Prelude to a Tale, that even thrills the very Blood only to read the Lines.—The Ghost in *Hamlet*, after he has drawn the Prince to a convenient Place, in order to inform him of his being cruelly murdered by his Brother, addresses him in the following powerful and surprizing Harangue.

- “ ——— But that I am forbid
 “ To tell the Secrets of my Prison-House,
 “ I could a Tale unfold, whose lightest Word
 “ Would harrow up thy Soul! Freeze thy young
 “ Blood!
 “ Make thy two Eyes, like Stars, start from their
 “ Spheres!
 “ Thy knotted and combined Locks to part,
 “ And each particular Hair to stand an End
 “ Like Quills upon the fretful Porcupine:
 “ But this eternal Blazon must not be
 “ To Ears of Flesh and Blood.”

The affecting Manner in which he here unfolds himself to *Hamlet*, all through the Scene, is very moving indeed; and is supposed to cause that strange Innovation in the Mind of the Prince, with which he afterwards appears all through the Play.—The *Spectator*, in many Places, is very lavish in the Praise of Story-telling. And *Milton's Paradise Lost* chiefly consist of descriptive Tales, that are occasionally expressed by the various Characters in the Poem. I could quote Numbers of Places in the Scriptures too, that would suit my present Subject; but do not think it proper to blend any Extracts of that Kind, in this Place, supposing that the above may be sufficient to intimate the Use and Efficacy of telling a Story well.

I own I cannot here avoid shewing my Partiality for the Stage; and so far am I prejudiced in Favour of

of that entertaining School of Life, that I have often wished, that either many of the Clergy would study the Qualifications of a Player, or that some of the latter were provided for in the Pulpit.—As I have here, to suit my present Purpose, (and I solemnly declare with no Thought of Contempt or Disrespect to the Office) supposed Preaching a Kind of Story-telling, I shall offer some general Remarks that I have made, both concerning Preaching and Playing, which I trust will not be disagreeable to my Reader, though he should happen to be either a Bishop, or an Actor.—If at any Time, in the Course and Circuit of my Business, I should chance to see a Church or Meeting-house open, of any Kind, during divine Worship, and my Time will permit, I generally step in, though perhaps not with any Thought of Devotion, but purely to observe the Preacher, and take Notice of his Behaviour in the Pulpit. If he be in his Sermon, and I should like his Manner of telling his Story, as I shall here call it, it is a thousand to one if I do not, with the utmost Pleasure and Attention, wait the last Syllable of his Benediction. But if he be a humdrum, drowsy, drawling Creature, who has not yet scarce learned to read, and there are too many of this Sort, that growl and dream over the whole Service, without either Emphasis, Meaning, or Expression, I own I soon take my Leave: For what Devotion or Improvement can be had with such a Man? Nor can I help commiserating both the Congregation and the Priest; and thinking, at the same Time, that the B.—— who ordained him, ought to be cashiered for his Courtesy. When I see such a Minister go through the Service, without the least Appearance of Sensibility or Devotion, I cannot help instantly calling to Mind the two following beautiful Lines spoken by the King in *Hamlet*.

“ My Words fly up, my Thoughts remain below,
“ Words, without Thoughts, never to Heaven go.”

The speaking of playing or acting so comparatively with preaching, I know will seem to Numbers of
People

People little better than Blasphemy. But if those ignorant dry-headed Bigots had but Grace enough to spare now and then a few Shillings in a Visit to the Play-house, and observe what Impressions our best Actors could instantly make upon their obdurate Minds, even, in Despight of their determined Obstinacy, they might the easier be convinced, that a good Actor, in all Respects, is preferable to a bad Preacher; the one answering, to the Height of Expectation, the full End and Intention of his Function, and the other, even scandalous and detrimental to the last Degree.—And these are, my Reader, without Allegory, the different Effects of Story-telling.

But since I have so far entered upon the Topics of Preaching and Acting, I will here advance one Step farther, and shew what Analogy these two Sorts of Story-telling may be supposed to have with each other.

We shall then consider the two Theatres Royal as two temporal archiepiscopal Sees.—For as Arch, in one Sense, only signifies witty or wagish, so will it indifferently well answer my Intentions here. And as one Sort of Bishops are reckoned Wine-bibbers, so is there also another that may be called * Wine-sops, and which last is a Sort I like very well, and therefore I shall suppose my two Temporal Sees to be under the Dominion and Direction of three Wagish or Arch-bishops; that is to say, *Drury-lane* by two Bishops, and *Covent-garden* by only one Bishop, to whom I must, in Conscience, give the Preference.—In the first Place, because the Power of that See is vested in one Person solely; and secondly, because he is every way senior to the other two.—Next to the Arch or Wagish-bishops amongst our theatrical Clergy, we may suppose a regular Succession of different Dignities, as Prebendaries, Deans, Canons, Deacons, and—even Blunderbusses. Nay, some Pistols too.—And others no better than Pop-guns, besides Clerks, Sextons, and Grave-diggers.

* *A Liquor, called, Bishops.*

All of which, properly considered, and characteristically arrayed and decorated, would make such Pageantry in a solemn Procession, that it would not be much inferior to those I have seen in Lent by the *Roman Clergy in Rome, Madrid, Lisbon, and Paris.* —And since I have thus far metaphorically considered my buskin Friends in the Order of Priesthood, I think I ought to make a little Enquiry into their particular and personal Merit, and then to class them and rank them accordingly.

My Friend, Arch-bishop † *Lun*, Metropolitan of *Covent-garden*, came to his Dignity by Right of Succession, and has, for near thirty Years, supported his See, and acquired an immortal Reputation by a most excellent and intelligible Way of Dumb-Predching, or Story-telling, by which he is capable of conveying the most sensible Meaning, strongest Ideas, and exquisite Pleasure, to his Auditors, by Action only, without the least Accent or Sound of his Voice. —If Numbers of our modern Preachers could do the same, it would certainly be a great Easement to their Lungs, and, I believe, many Times more acceptable to their Congregations.

Arch-bishop † *Lear* has advanced himself to that Height, by nought but pure Merit only, by having a most keen, forcible, penetrating and expressive Action, as well as Accent, in the Delivery of his Tale, by which he may be accounted one of the most accurate Story-tellers in *England.* —And it is to be lamented, that we know of none, at present, in the Pulpit, that can vie with him on the Stage.

And now for Arch-bishop § *Crotchet*, who, though he was never accounted a good Preacher, or Story-teller, yet, by his Industry and Head-piece, he has acquired an equal Rank with the above two. —Numbers of other Kind of B — have done the same.

Having at present passed over the three Bishops, I shall now proceed in Order to all the other Degrees; and since I have the sole Disposal of them here, and

† *Rich.* † *Garrick,* § *Lacy.*

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the Power to rank all, as I think proper, for the Love and Regard I have for that dear Sex, and for their excellent Art and Judgment with which they tell their Stories on the Stage, I am resolved to consider the Ladies worthy of a Place in this allegorical Assembly, especially as I can quote the following Precedents for it.—In the first Place, the *Roman Catholic Church* has had her Pope *Joan*. Secondly, the good People, called *Quakers*, have always amongst them their Female Clergy. And thirdly and lastly, many of our Protestant Parsons' Wives, to this Day, wear the Breeches.—Which I think are Arguments sufficient to warrant this Proceeding; and therefore I shall, without further Ceremony, ordain, appoint, present, induct, elect and instal Mrs. * *Rosalind*, Mrs. † *Callista*, and Lady *Townly*, Prebendaries of the two collegiate Houses.

Mr. † *Cato*, Mr. § *Bajazet*, junior, and *Valentine Legion*, Deans.—Mr. *Acasto*, Mr. *Double Voice*, Mr. *Lovely*, Doctor *Caius*, and many others, roaring Canons.—Besides Captain *Cannon*.—But I shall leave the Choice of my theatrical Deacons to my judicious Reader, and only shall beg Leave to fire off these two Blunderbusses, *Polonius* and *Scandal*,—and snap my Pistols at Sir *Courtly Nice* and Captain *Flash*; so submit to the Public to dispose of the rest.

I could mention several other Female Squibs and Crackers, that might be played off with good Advantage; but as they may be serviceable along with the Fire-works, I do not intend to endanger my Fingers about them.

Perhaps a Critic may ask, what has Squibs and Crackers, Pistols and Blunderbusses, to do with Bishops and Deans, Canons and Deacons?—I answer, that—he himself may be but a Spitfire; and if he can find no other Use for them,—they may, at last, be ill enough employed in kindling his Rage to light up his Wit.

* Mrs. *Gibber*. † Mrs. *Clive*. ‡ *Quin*. § *Barry*.

Here it is undoubtedly incumbent upon me to acquaint my Reader, that whatever is here presented, either in this Preface, or any Part of the following Work, where he will meet with numberless Characters, is not meant or intended for any Reflection, either upon any particular Person, or Order of Men; but as there are both good and bad Persons of all Countries, and of all Professions, I may rationally suppose, that when I am either exposing a Fool or a Knave, no Man of Sense or Honesty will think I mean him, and therefore he has no Right to be offended at it; and if any of the former should imagine he here sees his Picture, and should be disgusted at it, I am thus bold to say, That I have as much Right to expose him to my Reader, as Nature had first to impose him upon the World.—And, to the Clergy in particular, as I have largely treated on them above, I solemnly declare, that I believe no Man sincerely loves and reveres a good Clergyman more than I do, nor more loaths and contemns a bad one.—And so, without further Ceremony, whosoever the Cap fits, Heaven forbid but that he should wear it.

T H E

T H E Modern Story-Teller.

A Gentleman's greatest Necessity the making of his Fortune.

*Endure and conquer ; Jove will soon dispose
To future Good our past and present Woes :
An Hour will come, with Pleasure to relate
Your Sorrows past, as Benefits of Fate :
Endure the Hardships of your present State ;
Live and reserve yourselves for better Fate.*

Dry. Virg.

TRUE Fortitude in our Misfortunes, and a happy Resignation to the Will of Providence, with all honest and industrious Endeavours to surmount them, are Virtues amiable and pleasing both to God and Man. We are too apt to groan and grumble at a little Loss or Disappointment, and looking upon them as very heavy Afflictions, without once reflecting on the many Blessings we at that Moment enjoy ; as a perfect Possession of our Health, Limbs and Senses ; Liberty of Body and Mind ; and many others, which, to a thinking Man, are sufficient instantly to reconcile him to a perfect Peace of Mind ; especially, when he reflects, that he who suffered him to fall, can, when he pleases, as suddenly raise him again. And the following Story, I hope, will not prove a disenterprising Example.

It is remarkable, in *London*, that, at Change-time, the Coffee-houses thereabouts are every Day filled with People of Business for several Hours together : It happened one Day, that Mr. *Traffick*, a Merchant, was sitting near the Door, in one of those Coffee-houses, when he observed a young Gentleman, of a sedate,
but

but genteel Deportment, come into the Coffee-room, take up a News-paper, and sit himself down (alone) in a Box directly over-against him. He being dress'd very smart, with a clean ruffled Shirt, a Gold-laced Hat, and every way neat, Mr. *Traffick* was surveying of him, when he thought he discovered a kind of a wild Disorder in his Looks, which made him more attentive to observe him nearer; but did it very warily and cautious, lest the other should take Notice of him. In about two or three Minutes he observed him to put down the Paper, (for he had called for nothing) and courting his Eye round the Room, to see if any body observed him or not, and thinking himself secure, he steps to the Bar, (which was very near the Door, and where he sat) and taking something from it, put it into his Coat Pocket, and went directly out of the Coffee-room into the Street.—Mr. *Traffick* observing all that Part, as soon as he was out at the Door, says to the Man of the House, —You had best stop that Man in the Gold-laced Hat, that is just gone out of the Coffee-room, before he gets off, for he has taken something out of the Bar, and put it into his Coat Pocket; but what it was I could not discern.—The Man of the House, and another or two, who heard Mr. *Traffick* tell this, starts directly after him, and brings him again into the Coffee-room. The poor young Gentleman, thus suddenly attacked, was ready to sink down dead at this Accident.—Sir, (says the Coffee-man) you have taken something out of the Bar; this Gentleman saw you; and if you do not immediately deliver it back, and confess the Fact, I'll have a Constable, and carry you before the Lord Mayor.—Immediately the Coffee-room was all in an Uproar, and the poor young Fellow in such a Trembling, that for some Time he could not speak a Word.—Says the Coffee-man to him, will you give your Consent to be searched? Yes, Sir, cries the young Man, but do not use me ill. With that, the Landlord puts his Hand into one of his Coat Pockets, and only drew out of it, to their great Surprise, an old Silk Handkerchief, and two thin Pieces of Bread and Butter,

Butter. At this Discovery the Company all stared, and the young Delinquent was so confounded, that he looked like one condemned to immediate Death. Then the Man of the House proceeded to search the rest of his Pockets, but found not one individual thing in them, which much amaz'd them all.—What was it, Sir, (quoth Mr. *Traffick*) that you took from the Bar? I am sure I saw you take something, but I cannot say what it was.—Sir, (replies the young Man, who, by this time had a little recovered himself) I really took nothing from the Bar, but these two Slices of Bread and Butter; and if you knew my Misfortunes, and present Necessity, I am persuaded you would rather pity than punish me. I am, (continued he) the Son of a Merchant, and within these twelve Months, thought myself entitled to eight or ten thousand Pounds Fortune; but by Shipwreck, and other Misfortunes, my Father is now so far reduced, that I verily believe he is not Master of a Guinea. I am seeking out, the best I can, for a Clerkship, to which Business I was bred, and have executed for my Father, who was a Merchant in *Bristol*. I doubt not but you are amaz'd that a Man of my Appearance should be guilty of so mean an Action; but I am obliged to appear as creditable as I can, or I shall stand no Chance for any Employment. But, as I am here a living Man, I have not had a Meal's Meat, of any kind, these eight-and-forty Hours, within me: and if it were possible for you to conceive the craving Necessities of Nature, and my wretched, unhappy Inability, you would not, perhaps, be so much surprized at this mean and dishonest Action of mine. But what will not Hunger and dire Necessity oblige or reduce us to? For, indeed, it is too true, I am not far from perishing, and have subsisted merely on the Hopes of Providence a great while.—If this be true, says Mr. *Traffick*, who accused him, I must own I am sorry for you, and am troubled that I was the cause of this Disgrace, if it shall prove any; and as I was willing to detect you in a bad Action, so I am likewise as willing to relieve you

you in your bad Fortune. — With that, he takes his Hat from his Head, and puts into it five Guineas ; there, Gentlemen, says he, to those who were present, you have all heard his dreadful History as well as me, let this Example invite you to his Assistance ; I hope the Good you do will not be thrown away. — Here he proceeded to every Person in the Room, who being all touched with his Relation, freely contributed to the amount of 60*l*. nor did the generous Landlord withhold his Mite, but freely subscribed his Guinea. — After Mr. *Traffick* had finished his Collection, he addressed himself to the young Man thus : — Providence, you see, Sir, is now changing in your Favour : Here is my own Subscription of five Guineas for you ; but as I have thus taken upon me to apply in your Behalf, to these other worthy Gentlemen, who have likewise subscribed, I look upon myself as a kind of Steward for them in the present Case, and therefore, if you will give me a Direction how I may be satisfied of the Truth of what you have declared, (though I do not in the least doubt it) I will be answerable for the remaining Part of this generous Subscription ; and if I find it true, as you have set it forth, I will engage for an Employment suitable to your Merit. — Which, I should here inform my Reader, was actually done ; and thus (to the Honour and Credit of the worthy and generous Citizens of *London*) was this Gentleman's Necessity the very Means of raising his Fortune.

The Lass's Mistake in her Lover's Question.

*But yet, I say,
If Imputation and strong Circumstance,
Which lead directly to the Door of Truth,
Will give you Satisfaction, you may have it.*

Shakesp. *Othello*.

THERE is scarcely any thing more common than to see two People fall out in a Dispute, and come to a down-right quarreling, for no other Reason

Reason but being of the same Opinion ; and which Fude and Difference are generally propagated only through their Self-certainty, and Eagerness of Argument, which cannot suffer them to understand one another, till they have exhausted all their Artillery ; and then, being cool again, a single Word drops in by Chance, that sets all things to Rights. And again, sometimes, the cruelest Dissentions happen between the dearest Friends, through an Ambiguity of Phrase, only that frequently produces a Misinterpretation of the last Consequence, and which must have been the Case in the following Story, had not the uncommon Condescension of the tender Fair One suddenly changed the Scene.

Honest *Roger*, a gay young Peasant, having for some Time made his Addresses to a Damsel (who had a small Fortune in her own Hands) in that Neighbourhood, was one Day walking with her in the Fields, and while they were talking very gravely together about the Marriage-State, he wanted sadly to learn from her what her little Fortune was. He had often, before this, endeavoured to sift it out of her, but whether she understood him or not, or whether she had determined to conceal it from him, he could not tell ; however, he now resolved to be thoroughly satisfied, and therefore put the Question plainly to her in the Manner following : My Dear, (says he) Marriage is a precarious and expensive State, and how we may make Things hit hereafter, is uncertain ; however since we propose coming together, there can be no great Harm if we are quite free with one another now, and deal without the least Reserve. You know, my Dear *Sukey* ! I have often hinted to you, that I should be very glad to know what you have, that we may judge the better how Matters might agree when we come together, and now, as we are by ourselves, I think it a proper Time to be satisfied. Come, lay aside all Affection and Restraint, and I do assure you that I shall love you the better for it ; be plain, therefore, and let me know what you have at once, whether it be little, or whe-

ther it be much, let me but know what it is, and we will manage it accordingly. I know very well what I have myself, and I will make the most I can of it; and I do declare to you, my dear Girl, that it shall be only your's; and therefore, let me beg, my dear *Sukey*! that you'll not deny me. — The poor Girl, thus press'd, was in a sad Quandary; but paused a while, and said nothing; but he still pressing her to comply, and taking her in his Arms, to sooth her to consent to his Request, she threw herself suddenly from him, and vow'd that no Man in the World should ever know what she had till she was married. He tried again all that he could to persuade her, but she still desisted. At last, finding she was obstinate, and that all his Arguments signified nothing, he takes hold of her Hand, Well, (says he) God bless you, my dear Girl, I wish you a better Husband, and fare you well; for since you are resolv'd I shall never know what you have, till we are married, I am determin'd, by *Jove*! that, except I shall first know what you have, I never will marry you, or any other Woman in the World, so you may be as obstinate as you please. If you think you can better yourself, do. — With that, he turned himself about, and was walking off as fast as he could: But, when the poor Girl saw he was resolv'd to leave her, her tender Heart began to relent; and, after many Sobs and Sighs, and some Tears, she, in a very piteous Tone, called after him, *John! John! John!* pray come back! and if you'll promise not to leave me afterwards, you shall know! With that, *John* returned, and taking her in his Arms, gave her a hearty Kiss; and said, now you are a good Girl! She, overjoyed that they were reconciled, pulled up her Coats, Smock, and all, as high as ever she could, crying, there, *John*, there it is. — But, indeed, you shall only just touch it.

Justice Scrapeall.

Go search the great Records of Law,

And there too oft you'll find,

The fairest Part is made a Plaw,

For Gold will make Men blind.

Anonym.

IT is a Blessing peculiar to this Country, (and very justly observed to our Credit by all Foreigners) that when a poor Subject is injured, cheated, or abused, in any Sense, if he applies for Satisfaction, he may have Justice done him (perhaps) in any Part of this Kingdom, at as dear a Rate as any one Place in the known World; for Magistrates Commissions, now-a-days, are not bestowed as formerly, to independent, penetrating and unprejudiced Gentlemen, who had not only Understanding and Honesty sufficient to serve their oppressed Fellow-Subjects, but had a Pleasure also, in having it in their Power so to do: Then, I say, Justice maintained her original Constitution. But, on the contrary, the Throne of Justice now may be compared to a vile Chandler's Shop, where she deals with her Customers as roguishly; for her Ware is as false as her Scales, of which she has two Sorts, one to buy with, and another to sell by; her Weights too are the same; and her sharp-pointed Sword, that was wont to defend the Innocent, and to punish the Guilty, is become (by the Power of B — y) as blunt as the But-end of an old Mopstick, and oftener knocks down the Innocent than pierces the Transgressor. Her Ladyship is grown more cunning than formerly; for in Days of Yore, she was used to be kept quite blind, that she might not be bias'd by any exterior Appearance; but now the old blind Jade plays at Bo-peep with us, and winks and blinks, and opens and shuts her Eyes at Pleasure; and, instead of being blind, she's become deaf, as though she had pawn'd her Ears to re-

deem her Eyes; and as she was formerly mov'd by the Sighs, Groans and Complaints of the Oppressed, she is now as powerfully wrought upon by Bribes, Presents, &c. For an Instance of this, I refer my Reader to the following true Story.

Mr. *Scrapeall*, who was bred an Attorney at Law, and who was a surly, hungry, and penurious Man, being appointed in Commission of the Peace, in some Place in the West of *England*, grew so arbitrary and covetous, that it was next to Impossibility for any body to have Justice from him without a Bribe; and it became at last so customary, and so generally known all round that Hundred, that no body applied to him on that Score, without being properly prepared; so that very often he had Matters to decide, wherein the Parties had acted so equally, that it was difficult for him to discern which had most Right to his Favour. And what added particularly to his Interest, was, that he was Master of a great deal of odd Humour, when he pleased, and which he took special Care never to use but to his own Advantage; and I must inform my Reader, that it was customary here (in a little Town where Mr. *Scrapeall* lived) to distribute the deserted or poor Children that fell to the Parish, to be maintained among the Parishioners, according as the Vestry thought proper; except when upon Appeal the Justices of the Peace thought fit to alter it. So it happened one Day, that the Parish Officers sent one of these Town's Children, as they were generally called, to one *Smuggle-Pounce*, an arch and industrious young Fellow, and one who took great Delight in knowing where to look for the most Game in that Country, as Hares, Pheasants, Patridges, Woodcocks, Carp, Tench, &c. or to buy Brandy, Tea, and so forth, at the cheapest Market. *Smuggle-Pounce* sooner found this Town's Child saddled upon him, than he began to consider and contrive how to get rid of it again; and, at length, determined to apply to Mr. *Scrapeall* to assist him in the Case; so he accordingly set out; and when he arrived at the Justice's House,

House, he gave a loud Rap at the Door, which made the old Gentleman wonder what bold Visitant he had got there; for it was not usual for People to take that Liberty with his Door.—When the Servant-Maid (*Waitwell* by Name) came to the Door, and demanded what he wanted, he answered, I want to speak with his Worship.—By-and-bye, answered *Waitwell*, he is now busy, and so she shut the Door again; but *Smuggle-Pounce* knowing it was the Justice's Way to let People wait sometimes six or eight Hours before they could have an Audience of him, and othertimes not have it all, ventured to give a harder Rap, which so roused and provoked the good Magistrate, that he ran to the Door almost as soon as *Waitwell* could do. As soon as the Door was opened, *Smuggle-Pounce* makes a most reverend Bow, almost to the Ground, and the bluff Justice arrived just Time enough to see the latter End of it, who roared out to him in a most frightful Tone, Well, you Scoundrel, what do you want? Ha! how dare you thunder at my Door in such an impudent Manner, you Villain?—May it please your Worship, replies *Smuggle-Pounce*, I should be proud, if you would please to give me Leave to speak with you.—Sirrah! you Rascal! answered the good Justice, don't you know that I never do Business after Dinner? What! do you think, because I am in the Commission, that I am to be at the Beck of every dirty Fellow in the Parish? If you don't go about your Business this Moment, I'll make an Example of you.—Sir, quoth *Smuggle-Pounce*, I have made bold to bring Madam a Taste of fine Tea, if you please to give me Leave.—What does the poor Man say? replies the Justice, lowering his Voice in an Instant, I have such a Cold in my Head, that I cannot hear one Word he says; bid him come into the Parlour. *Smuggle-Pounce* was immediately martialed in by *Waitwell*, and again demanded of, by the Justice, what he had to say? who replied, An't please you, Sir, I have brought Madam a Taste of the finest

Green Tea in this Country, if she pleases to accept of it. Here he presented his acceptable Gift; and the Justice, when he had examined into it, with a Look and an Accent that spoke him quite pacified, said, Well, and what is your Name, Friend?—*Smuggle-Pounce*, an't please your Worship, answered the Supplicant.—*Smuggle-Pounce*, ha? returns the Justice, what, you are a fornicating Gunsmith, I suppose, or some such Thing, ha?—No, Sir, replies the other, I am a poor Man, and have a Wife and five small Children, if it shall please your Worship.—Ay, marry does it, very well, cries the Justice, thou art a good Pains-taking Fellow, and a worthy Subject; but what more hast thou to offer me?—Offer, Sir! says *Smuggle-Pounce*, thinking the Justice had asked him, what else he had to give him?—Ay, replies the Justice, dost thou not understand me? I ask you, what hast thou else to offer? that is, I mean, what hast thou else to say to me?—Why, Sir, says *Smuggle-Pounce*, I am a poor Man, that works very hard for my Bread, and have got a large Family to maintain; and notwithstanding I can scarcely get Bread for them to eat, the Overseers have sent me a Town's Child to keep, and if your Worship will not be so kind as to relieve me, my own Children must fare the worse for it; for it is impossible I can maintain them all as they should be.—Why, ay, replies the Justice, smelling and looking at the Tea all the while, this is a pretty Sort of Tea enough, as thou sayest. And so the Overseers have sent thee a Town's Child, have they? continued he, with a Laugh. Ho, ho. Well then, I'll tell thee what thou shalt do with it. As thou seemest to be a good honest, civil, and industrious Fellow, thou mayest,—ay,—thou mayest provide for it in the best Manner thou canst, and let the Parish Officers do their worst.—But, an't please your Worship, replies *Smuggle-Pounce*, if I am obliged to keep this Child, my own Children must starve, and that's very hard; I hope your Worship will consider it for me,
and

and assist me in this Case.—That's very true, cries *Scrapeall*, but I am very hard of Hearing; and you must know, that my Wife always drinks her Tea mixed.—Sir, quoth the other, who guessed the Cause of his sudden Deafness, I have brought an equal Quantity of fine Bohea, but I designed that for your Worship's own Use: Here it is, if you will please to accept of it.—Odsso! quoth the Justice, thou art a good honest sensible Fellow, I begin to have a very good Opinion of thee. How many Children do'st say thou hast of thine own?—Five, an't please you, Sir, replies *Smuggle-Pounce*.—Five, cries the good Justice again, ha! this I find is a knotty Point; much may be said on both Sides. Doubtless, the Overseers have a Right to send thee such a Child, if they think proper; it is according to the Constitution of the Town; I believe I can shew thee the Act of Parliament that empowers them to do it. (Here he took down a large Book, and began to hum over some Part of it himself, but so unintelligible, that poor *Smuggle-Pounce* did not understand one Syllable of what he was reading.) After the Justice had growled over it some Time, he breaks out thus: I perceive, Friend, by Virtue of this Act, that a Power is vested in the Justices of the Peace, to settle and adjust this Point, according to their own Discretion, and therefore it is certainly in my Power to ease you of this Child; but then, beware of Injustice to the other Side. When they shall come to plead their Reasons for sending this Child to you, we cannot tell, but that, if you should get quit of it, this same Child might be sent to another poor Family, who may have fifteen or twenty Children of their own, and therefore it would be unreasonable to take it away from you. However, as you seem a very civil and industrious Fellow, I'll see what can be done; I'll enquire into the Matter, and if you call again in three or four Days Time, you shall know what I can do for you, though I am afraid you must keep the Child in Spight of my Endeavours. I thank your

Worship, replies *Smuggle-Pounce*, and if you'll please to give me Leave, I'll bring your Worship a fine Hare along with me. — I cannot tell what you say, Friend, quoth the Justice, my Hearing is very bad at Times. — I say, Sir, replies the Man, that I'll bring your Worship a fine — Well, well, well, answers the Justice, interrupting him, I say, call again, be sure call again. — Here *Smuggle-Pounce*, being satisfied that the Justice and he perfectly understood one another, made him Half a Dozen of his best Congees, and with profound Thankfulness took his Leave.

About three or four Days after, he returned again, according to Order, with his Promise, and gave a Rap at the Justice's Door as before. Old *Scrapeall* saw him pass by his Window, with Puffs in his Hand, almost as big as a small Calf, and *Waitwell*, according to Custom, not going to the Door with over-and-above Speed, the old Gentleman set up his Pipes as follows: Here! where are you, you lazy Jade? Must People wait at my Door until they perish with Cold before they get Admittance? I'll make you know better before I've done with you, or I'll make an Example of you! *Waitwell* never answered a Word; but opening the Door, the Justice called to him, Come in, Neighbour? so into the Parlour he followed him. An't please your Worship, says he, here's as fine a Hare as is in the Country, if your Worship pleases to accept of it. The Justice being at that Instant deaf, made him this Answer: Well, Neighbour, I have considered the Case, and have given myself a great deal of Trouble to serve you; but I find it will be a very difficult Thing to gain your Point.—God bless your good Worship, quoth poor *Smuggle-Pounce*, it is very hard to send a Child to me to maintain, that has five already of my own; and it is entirely in your Worship's Power to relieve me: If your Worship remembers, you said so yourself, the last Time I waited on you about it.—Why, ay, replies the Justice, that is true; but you know I told

told you, at the same Time, it was my Duty to pay Regard to both Sides the Question, and therefore it will take up the more Time and Trouble to settle it. Here the poor Fellow perceiving that the conscientious good Justice was not yet quite ripe in his Cause, replies, if this Hare should happen to please your Worship, I can, in a Day or two, I believe, present your Worship with such another.—Well, quoth *Scrapeall*, I must confess thou art a very grateful, honest, young Fellow; will thou drink a Glas of my Ale?—If your Worship pleases, replied *Smuggle-Pounce*.—With that, the Justice ordered *Waitwell* to bring up a Bottle, and after drinking a Glas or two of it himself, he began to wax warmer in the Fellow's Cause. Come, says he, I'll look again into this Statute, concerning the present Case, and see how far I can interfere upon my own Authority. So here he lugs down the aforefaid great Book, and began to mutter in it, as he had done before, when *Smuggle-Pounce*, fearing he might construe some Part of it to the Advantage of the Defendants, interrupted him thus: Your Worship's Goodness, in giving me this comfortable Glas of your good Ale, has so warmed my Heart, you cannot think; and to make your Worship some small Amends, if you'll please to give me Leave, when I bring your Worship the Hare, I'll bring Madam a Brace of as fine Carp as any in the Country. Which lucky Hint had here the desired Effect. For the Justice, at this, replied, Ay, here it is, here it is! And it is further enacted, that the poor and deserted young Children so placed, as aforefaid, shall be cloathed and maintained, as aforefaid, as already specified in this Act; except it shall appear to the said Justices of the Peace, more equitable and reasonable, otherwise to determine it.—Why, ay, this I see will do, quoth the Justice, I have it now in my Power, I find, to do thee Right, and Right I will do thee. Why, those Rascals of Overseers, I perceive, don't care how inequitable their Inhabitants are incumbered; but I'll

be even with them; a Parcel of unconscionable Scoundrels, to send a Child to be maintained and cloathed by a worthy, honest, poor Fellow, that has a Matter of — How many Children do you say you have of your own?—Five, an't please your Worship, replies *Smuggle-Pounce*.—Ay, five: True! you said five, returned the Justice; why, it is a small Army; it is a Mercy that some of them have not disposed of themselves, and only that thou art a very honest industrious Fellow, they must have done so. But come, I'll do for these Overseers: Here, I'll give thee a written Order for them to receive this Town's Child back again, and if they refuse it, do thou leave it at their Door, then come and acquaint me with it, and I'll make an Example of them; I'll shew them what is Law, and Equity too, a Parcel of unconscionable Vultures.—So here he gave *Smuggle-Pounce* an Order under his own Hand, exhorting him over and over, to be sure not to forget calling to acquaint him with what they said to him, on his returning the Child, which *Smuggle-Pounce* did accordingly, with a punctual Remembrance of both the Hare and the Carp, and concluded his Wish with another Bottle of the Justice's best Ale, besides laying a good Foundation for the Justice's future Interest.

An old Woman basted with Butter.

Honesty is the best Policy. An old Proverb.

THERE are a Sort of People in the World, who are naturally so addicted to Vice, that neither Reflection, Time nor Gratitude can make any Impression upon their corrupt and vitiated Minds, capable of a Reclamation; and, in short, it is to be lamented, when it so happens, that a Delinquent of that Cast commits a Crime which he cannot be publicly punished for, without making the Innocent suffer

fer with him, and which was the Case in the following Story. Yet, was there a humorous and private one administered, it might, perhaps, have a better Effect on the Offender, without any Detriment to any Body else.

A poor old Woman, that lived in the Country, just by a Nobleman's Country Seat, was used to go there every Day, to do any odd Thing about the Kitchen, that the Cook, or his Maid, were pleased to set her about ; for which they used to give her the broken Victuals, and which comfortably maintained a Brood of Grand-Children she had at Home, who, otherwise, must have fared but poorly. But, one Day, as the old Woman was busy poking about the Larder, the Kitchen-Maid happening to cast her Eye that Way, saw her cram a whole Lump of Butter, consisting of about two Pounds Weight, into the Inside of her high-crowned Hat, which she, not suspecting any body saw her, immediately tied upon her Head again, with the Butter in it ; upon which, the Maid instantly informed the Cook of it. D—n her dry old Head ! quoth the Cook, it will be cruel to expose the old Jade, and deprive her of the Benefit of the House, because her poor Family at Home must suffer for it ; but I will punish herself severely before she goes away. ——— So the Cook and the Maid seemed to take no more Notice about it ; but by-and-bye the old Woman comes into the Kitchen, as she used to do, when she had done all they had set her about, and demanded of the Cook, as *per* Custom, Well, my good Master, have you any thing more for me to do ? ——— No, Mother, replies the Cook, not at present ; and there is the broken Victuals for you, but be sure that you are here by nine o'Clock To-morrow Morning. ——— Yes, yes, returns the old Woman, God bless you, my good Master ! I'll not fail, to be sure. ——— But just as the old Woman was got out at the Door, and thought herself secure, the Cook called her back again. ——— Mother, says he, I had like to have forgot,

forgot, but I must beg one Favour of you before you go, yet.—Ay, ay, replies the old Woman, what is it, Sir?—Why, says the Cook, only to baste this uppermost Spit for me a little, and when you have done, I will give you a Dram.—Thank you kindly, Sir! says the old Woman, God in Heaven bless you! you are very good.—So down he sets her, before a great Kitchen Fire, with near two Bushels of Coals on it, and three or four Spits going, and with the basting Ladle cramm'd as full of Butter as he could well stuff it, Here, Mother, says the Cook, you need only baste this uppermost Spit, and I'll tell you when it is enough.—So the old Woman went to Work as she was directed, but had not sat there long, before the Butter began to melt in her Hat, and run a full stream down her Face and Neck, into her Back and Bosom. She wip'd her Face over and over again, till her Handkerchief was as greasy as her Head, and then was forced to take the Tail of her Gown for the same Purpose, for her Apron was filled with Offals; and all would not wipe off the Butter so fast as it came down her Face. The Cook, who stood by all the while to observe the Operation, was pleased to the Heart, to see it work so well; and so salutes her thus; Well, Mother, says he, why you sweat, methinks; who would imagine that a Woman of your Age should have so much Grease in her?—That's very true, quoth the old Woman, but to be sure, this Fire is very hot, is it not almost basted enough, do you think, Sir?—No, no, replies the Cook, nor half enough neither; but come, Mother, I'll keep you Company a little; don't you be faint-hearted because you sweat a little more than ordinary; it will do you good. Here, *Betty*, continued he, bring the poor old Woman a Bumper of Brandy, that she may warm the Inside of her as well as the Outside?—So down he sat himself by her, lest she should take it in her Head to pull her Hat off, before her punishment was complete. And when he thought that near all the Butter

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in her Hat was melted away, he released her; but the poor old Woman, by this Time, was basted all over from Head to Foot; so he gave her another Glass of Brandy, and then discharged her. There happening to be a very keen freezing Air, she was no sooner out of the House, than she was, as it were, in a Moment, transported out of the torrid Zone into the frigid Zone, and covered all over, in ten Minutes, with hard Butter, which made her cut a most ridiculous and grotesque Figure; and which, without Injury to her poor innocent Family, might very probably conduce more to cure her of the vile Itch of Thieving, than a much heavier Punishment.

The Merry Revenge.

*Crude Imposition's like a Bow that's bent,
To twang an Arrow with an ill Intent;
Which being shot, the impenetrable Mark
Rebounds it back, and wounds the Marksman's Heart.*

Anonym.

TH E R E are a Sort of Trades-People in the World, so selfish, and so ignorant, that they vainly imagine, a Shilling extorted or imposed, and extraordinarily put into the Pocket, is all clear Gains and good Management; not considering that the smallest Imposition may be liable to ruin their Reputation for the future; and that a Man may easier gain an ill Repute, than recover a good one. He that would make a Fortune by public Business, had much better under-sell than over-reach; for, as much as the one brings Custom to the Shop, the other drives away. No Man will patiently brook an Imposition; nor do all Men resent an Abuse alike. However, it behoves every Person, whose Livelihood depends upon the Public, to be very tender how they offend them.—The following Story is a true Instance of a merry Revenge upon one of these Penurians; and the Affair happened as follows;

Two

Two Merchants agreed, one *Sunday* in the Spring, to take a Ride ten or twelve Miles out of Town, and dine at some Ordinary in the Country. Accordingly they pitched upon a Village in *Essex*, where there was a Twelvepenny Ordinary every *Sunday*; but it happened, that after they were come to the House, and had acquainted the Landlord of their Intention to dine with him, one of them was suddenly taken ill, so that when Dinner was brought upon the Table, the Gentleman could not bear the Smell of it; but soon after growing something better, he ordered some Wine to be made hot for him, with an Egg beat up in it, and which soon recovered him again. An Hour or two after this, the Gentleman being perfectly well, they sat and drank a Bowl of hot Punch together; when they had done, and calling for a Bill, the Landlord, out of his princely Munificence, had charged the Gentleman that was ill, the same for his Ordinary, although he never tasted it, as he did to all the rest, *viz.* a Shilling for Eating. What, says the Gentleman, do you charge me a Shilling for Eating? I suppose you mean for not Eating: You know very well I never sat down to your Ordinary, nor came near the Table.—I cannot help that, Sir, replies the Landlord, you said you came to dine with me: I had a Knife and Fork laid ready for you, and Victuals enough, so that if you did not chuse to eat, that was no Fault of mine; you were in the same Company, and I should have been as well pleased if you had eat a hearty Dinner, as none at all; it makes no Difference to me; and I must not break through an established Custom. Very well, replies the Gentleman, if it be an established Custom, I do not desire you so much as to crack it upon my Account.—They paid their Reckoning, and away they went, but not very well pleased, as we may suppose, with their Landlord's Imposition; but when they were upon the Road home again, says one of them, I have a Thought come into my Head, that, if it be put in Execution, I fancy we may pay him

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in his own Coin, and perhaps it may be a Means of mending his Manners for the future.—What is it? demands the other.—Why, replies he, what if we bring *Joe*, the Porter, to dine there next *Sunday*? *Joe* has the Character of an eight or nine Pounder upon Occasion, and is a very humorous Kind of Fellow into the Bargain.—Egad, says the other, you could not have thought on a better Scheme; *Joe* is capable of giving us a Feast, tho' the Landlord should make us pay for Feasting; I'll go half in the Expences of the Day, with all my Heart, and let's inform him of the Affair To-morrow, that he may have Time enough to prepare himself.—All this being agreed on between them, the next Day they acquainted *Joe* with their Plan for the next *Sunday's* Recreation. *Joe* was overjoyed with the Thoughts of a fine Country Ride he was to have, and vowed he would well revenge his Master's Quarrel. Accordingly, when the next *Sunday* came, they all set out together, and took two Friends with them to partake of the Sport. Well, says one of them as they were going along, I hope, *Joe*, your Stomach is in good Order.—Egad, Master, says *Joe*, I must have a Piece of Bread and Cheese presently, to keep the Wind out of my Stomach, or else I shall not be able to eat two Pounds by the Time Dinner is ready.—Ay, ay, says the Gentleman, thou shalt have what thou wilt to eat and drink, so as you take Care, and not spoil your Appetite until you come there; but be sure you don't call any of us, Master; call us by our Names, just as free as we do you, for To-day we are all upon one Footing; and, above all, be sure not to rise from the Table hungry.—Thus they went on, diverting themselves with the Thoughts of approaching Revenge; and *Joe*, to put his Stomach in Tune, stopped two or three Miles before they came there, and snapped up a Pound of Bread and Cheese, and a Tankard of Beer, and then said he was right. When they came there, they again acquainted the Landlord, that they were come to dine with

with him, so putting their Horses up, they all walked about the Garden until Dinner was ready, when *Joe* mounted the Stage, without the least Regard to either Fear or Mercy. The first Thing that came upon the Table was, a large Dish of Soop; *Joe* chused not any of that; he said it was too washy, and had no Substance in it; but there being about nine or ten People more, the Soop was pretty well finished. Then comes a Buttock of boiled Beef, with Carrots and Greens; *Joe* fastens on this, and at the first Stroke he cuts off a Slice all round the whole Piece, full two Inches thick, and because it was too broad for his Plate, he divided it into four Quarters, then began to lay about it with Vengeance, saying, there was some Meaning in a good Piece of Beef, and, at the first Bit he put in his Mouth, swore it was very good, and he believed he should make his Dinner on't. The Company were all amazed, when they looked upon his Plate, and saw how he pitched the Beef into his Mouth; and began to carve for themselves as fast as they could, lest they should not each of them have a Mouthful; but they had scarce helped themselves round, before *Joe's* Plate was empty, and began to whet his Knife for a second Trial: He hawls the Dish to him, and round he goes again with another Slice, very little inferior to his first, which surprized them all more than he had done before. But one of his Companions asking him, if he would not help himself to some Greens, or Carrots? he replied, they are windy, and only serve to blow up the Stomach, but there is no Substance in them: With that the Drawer ran down Stairs to his Master, as hard as he could drive:—Egad, Sir, says he, there's a Man above Stairs, that has eat above half the Buttock of Beef himself, and there is not above a Pound and an half of it left in the Dish; he pitches it into his Mouth, as though he was filling an Oven.—Zounds, quoth the Master, send up the Breast of Veal as fast as you can, and I'll bring down what's left; so away he runs up Stairs.

Stairs, to take a View of his new Cormorant, but by the Time he got up, *Joe* had cleared his Plate a second Time. In two Minutes after, up comes a roasted Breast of Veal, and the Landlord going to take away the Beef, for there was not much of it left, *Joe* catches fast hold of the Dish, and swore a great Oath that he had not half dined, and in a Moment whipped off the Remainder of the boiled Beef upon his own Plate. Seeing of that, the Master runs down to his Wife, with a very dejected Countenance, and shewing her the Dish that the Buttock of Beef went up in, he swore there would not be a Morfel of Victuals left for the Family to dine on; so up he went again, to be a woful Spectator of *Joe's* wonderful Performance; but now, *Joe*, being pretty well cloyed of the Beef, began to lie by a little, and called for something to drink. By-and-bye, one of the Company demanded of the Landlord, what there was else for Dinner? He replied, with a faint Voice, Gentlemen, I have nothing else but a boiled Plumb-Pudding; I did not expect so much good Company To-day, continued he, with a Sigh, and looking at the same Time very hard upon *Joe*, or I would really have provided something more.—No, no, replied *Joe*, it is very well, we can make Shift well enough; but I am very glad you have got a Plumb-Pudding, with all my Heart, for I am fond of all Sorts of Puddings. What then, says one of the Gentlemen, won't you taste the Veal, Sir?—I believe not, replies *Joe*, it is but a hungry Sort of Food, I had rather stay for the Pudding.—The rest of the Company having had but a small Share of the Beef, had now almost ended the Veal, when the Pudding made its Appearance; and the Landlord going to take off the small Remnant that was left, *Joe*, who had first his Orgus-Eye upon it, stabs his Fork into it, crying out, Hold, Landlord, you shall not say I was nice, and could not eat roast Veal; I'll taste it, however, else perhaps you may be affronted.—So there was the third Dish emptied, and all the Company as much amazed, and stared at

Joe,

Joe, as tho' he had been the greatest Prodigy in Nature. — But here, *Joe*, being a little cloyed, called for a Bumper of Red Wine, and then having piddled a while with the Bones of the Veal, until he had cleaned them, he called for a second Bumper, which he had no sooner tipped off, than he asked for a third, which made the Company, I mean the Strangers, begin to think, that he intended to drink as much as he had eaten. Now, says he, Gentlemen, few People, that are fond of Plumb-Pudding, know how to eat it, or any Thing of a proper Sauce to it; and as most Sorts of Puddings are heavy and cloying, but especially Plumb-Pudding, no Sauce can be better to it than Red Wine, because the fine Smartness of the Wine helps to palliate the Pudding. With that, he pours his Bumper of Red Wine into his Plate, and cuts to it Two-thirds of what Pudding was remaining in the Dish. — This crowned the whole Work; for his Companions seeing that, divided the rest amongst them, and *Joe* was now admired as a Prodigy, indeed.

Some Time after Dinner was over, the Landlord came up Stairs, and desired to speak a Word with one of *Joe's* Friends. Sir, says he, as that Gentleman is your Acquaintance, and has a more than common Volubility of Appetite, I shall esteem it as a Favour, if you'll take an Opportunity, by-and-bye, of speaking to him for me, that I hope he will be so kind as to consider me something more than the common Price of my Ordinary; for, upon my Credit, Sir, he has obliged me to dress a fresh Dinner for my own Family, or they must have gone without Victuals. — Lord, Sir, replies the Gentleman, I would do it with all my Heart, but I know it will signify nothing; for it might have happened, you know, that he had not eaten a Morfel; and it is no easy Matter, you know, Landlord, for a Person to break through an established Custom. — This Answer confounded the Landlord in an Instant, and convinced him, that this was only a Bill due to him, which they had just contrived to pay off in his own Coin.

A hot

A hot Resolution soon cooled.

*'Tis our own Wisdom moulds our State,
Our Faults and Virtues make our Fate.*

Cowl.

WE are never more mistaken in ourselves, than when we propose certain Plans, Schemes and Resolutions for future Purposes, which we vainly imagine we can execute at Will, because we are Masters of Wealth enough to command and finish them; not considering, at the same Time, that we are as unacquainted with our future Circumstances, and as subservient to our Passions, as we are to the Will of Providence, which is every Day producing new and unexpected Events. As an Instance of which, read the following Sketch:

A Man there was, as some aver,
(Tho' I neither know when or where)
Who had a Wife, or else a Madam,
As fair as was the Wife of *Adam*;
And she, as we're informed by *Milton*,
Was as fine a Girl as e'er was felt on.

This Dame, as Authors do report,
Was neither too tall, nor too short;
Nor was she fat, nor was she lean,
And had dark Eyes, and a fair Skin:
In ev'ry other Part so true,
No Art nor Nature cou'd out-do.

This happy Man, who was her Spouse,
Either by Marriage, or by Vows,
As knowing Life so transitory,
And Death so ready is to carry,
Resolv'd, lest any Hap should come,
And snatch her from his fond Bosom,

That

That unless it took them both together,
 He still would keep her Shape and Feature.
 So, after gaining her Consent,
 He, for a famous Limner went,
 To try the utmost of his Art,
 To represent her in ev'ry Part,
 And paint her naked Beauties all,
 As they appear'd to him natural.

Sir, quoth the Painter, for the Lady's Sake
 And Reputation, we must take
 What Care we can, that she shall be
 In a good Attitude,—Modestly and Modesty.

Sir, replies the curious 'Squire,
 As 'tis done to please m'own Desire,
 I value not the common Rules,
 Or the Opinion of Wits or Fools;
 My own Desire shall be my Guide,
 Nor mind no other's Taste beside.
 I'll have her drawn in naked Front,
 With a rich Couch, and lying on't,
 That when herself is out of Sight,
 (Whose Charms have gaye me such Delight)
 I'll glut my Eyes with gazing there,
 And fancy that she still is here.

Sir, that you may, reply'd the Artift;
 And yet have her drawn quite modest.
 Her well-turn'd Limbs may be exprest,
 Her Air, her Features, and her Breast,
 But add a Leaf to hide the rest. ——— }

A Leaf! what Leaf, demands this Wight,
 Should hide such Beauty from our Sight?

A Fig-Leaf, Sir, is, most certain,
 Th'proper'st Thing for such a Curtain.
 ——— A Fig-Leaf, Sir! replies a Lad,
 Who'd overheard 'em all they'd said,
 And had many a Time the Part survey'd, }

If

If Fig-Leaves, you'll want more than two,
For a Cabbage-Leaf will hardly do, — }
When this was said, away she flew. — }

Ay, ay, cries the Don, if that's the Case,
That you so well have known the Place,
The Devil paint her, and have her too,
For it's fit th' Devil shou'd have his Due.

The injured *French Count's* Philosophy.

No ;

*I'll see before I doubt ; when I doubt, prove,
Away at once with Love and Jealousy.*

Shakes. Othello.

THE following Story is a most excellent Lesson for people to learn to moderate their Passions from : For, let our Provocation be ever so great, or let it spring from whatsoever Cause, let but one Minute's cool Reflection take Place before we act, that Reason may have Time to assume her Throne, and our following Proceedings may be worthy of a Man.

In the Neighbourhood of *Versailles* lived the Count *d'Bonclaire*, a Nobleman of great Honour, Family, and Fortune, and who married a Lady of equal Rank, and great Beauty ; but it so happened, that some Time after they were married, the Countess, being too regardless of her Honour and true Happiness, gave such a Loose to her Behaviour, that encouraged a young Gentleman who visited there, to make some Advances to her, injurious to her Husband's Right, and her own Reputation ; and at length they became so unreserved in their Amour, that the Servants were often Witnesses of their Indiscretions, and which made them the more curious to search the utmost of their criminal Proceedings, so that they were soon sensible of their good Lord's Injury, and thereupon resolved

resolved to inform him of it, which accordingly they did. We may easily suppose that such an Information must make a strange Impression upon the Mind of the most rational and temperate Man living; but here, whatever Effect it had upon the prudent Count, it was all inward. None could perceive the least outward Perturbation or Resentment. He considered and weighed every Circumstance with the Coolness and Temper of a Philosopher; and after he had enquired of these domestic Intelligencers, all that he thought proper, without being too credulous of their Information, he determined to give her an Opportunity without the least Delay, either to confirm or ease his Doubts, and which we find did not arise from his Suggestion, but a more palpable Evidence.

So, after he had enjoined the most perfect Secrecy and Silence on those who had informed him of his Wrong, he prepared Things accordingly, and the next Day set out to enjoy a Fortnight's Diversion, as he told his Lady, of Hunting and Shooting, — which he very often did in the Season, and of which he was very fond. This was very agreeable News to the Countess, who now conceived she might enjoy her Lover with all unbounded and uncontrouled Desire; therefore, no sooner was the Count got out of Town, but she found Means to acquaint her Gallant therewith, who, no doubt was ravished with the Tidings; but, to their Confusion, by-and-bye, there were unexpected Spies, that noted all their Actions, so that no sooner was this young *Adonis* arrived, but the Count had Information of it. The Lady had intrusted her own Maid with the Secret, and the chief of the Affair was managed by her; that is, so far as related to his being secreted in the House, and conducted to the Countess's Bed, or conveyed away again, as Necessity or Conveniency required. But now her Vigilance was matched, for the Servants, who had discovered the Affair to their Lord, had likewise found out the secret Channel of his Entrance; and, as I have said, he was no sooner arrived but the Count had Notice of it; and about 12 o'Clock at Night,
when

when they were both in Bed together, by a secret Way that the Count had caused to be made into their Chamber for that Purpose, he approached their Bed-side with a dark Lanthorn in his Hand, unsuspected and undiscovered by either of them. As soon as he came into the Room, he enlightened his Lanthorn, and drawing the Curtain of the Bed, had the Satisfaction of seeing his fair Lady clasped fast in her amorous Lover's Arms. At this sudden Discovery, who can express their guilty Apprehensions? The Lady gave a Shriek; her Lover was struck aghast; cold trembling Sweats instantly seized them both; their Eyes seemed starting from their Spheres; and their Countenances were in a Moment changed from Calmness, Serenity and Love, to Aspects of inexpressible Horror. The prudent Count for some Time never opened his Lips, but stood looking upon them with his Candle in his Hand, as seemingly composed, as though he had been quite insensible of the least Injury done him. At length he broke Silence, when nothing but immediate Death was expected from his Hands.

Well, Madam, says he, as I am conscious that I have never deserved such unworthy Treatment from you, I can behold your vicious Infamy with Pity and Contempt; yet, you shall be both witness how capable I am of instantly punishing this Crime as it deserves.—Here he drew from his Pocket a Brace of loaded Pistols, and laid them, with his Sword, which he took from his Side, upon a Table full in their View.—Behold, continued he, the Instruments of Justice, which I may, and ought to exercise against you both, for this most gross and infamous Indignity, and which the Laws of Nature dictate as your most righteous Deservings; yet, I will convince you, that as I loath and condemn your mean and vile Proceedings, and the Blackness of your Vice, so do I scorn that mean and unmanly Revenge, which Custom, and too-hot Intemperance, generally prompt such Injury to seek. As this is an Infamy of the darkest Dye, that you are fallen into, I shall take what Care I can,

not

not to disturb the subsequent Moments of your Life, from the solid Reflection and inward Debates you ought, and may hereafter possibly make ; rest, therefore, both of you, secure from any such Proceedings of mine. — Here he called in a Servant, which was waiting without by his Order, and gave him the Pistols and Sword to carry away, and deposite elsewhere, which greatly contributed to the Recovery of their astonished Senses ; and now the detected male Delinquent, with an Accent of submission, besought the generous Count for Leave to rise and dress himself, which was, with great Complaisance and Mildness, immediately granted. But in this strange and perturbed Scene, the guilty Lady knew not how to act, nor whether it was more safe or prudent to attempt to rise, or stay where she was, to wait her impending Fate. But, while she was thus distractedly weighing within herself, she was informed of her present Safety, and how she was then to act ; for her courteous Lord, permitting the young Trespasser to rise and dress himself without Dread, at the same Time informed his Lady, that she might safely, without any Apprehension of Danger from him, continue where she was, for that he should not in the least disturb her Rest, for he had already given Orders concerning his own Disposition for that Night. So the Gentleman proceeded to dress himself with all the Expedition he could. But, notwithstanding the Count's Declaration, he was far from being clear of future Apprehensions. However, being dressed, the Lord called for a Servant to light them down, and wishing the Countess a good Repose, withdrew, and left her to her Cogitations ; and when he had accompanied this amorous Intruder just to the Door where he was to make his Exit, he addressed him as follows :

Sir, as I neither know who, or what you are, you'll excuse me if I don't address you with the Title you deserve. It is true, you have made a criminal and dangerous Trespass in my House, and may be still under some Fear of my future Resentment ; but, to convince you, that you may safely banish all
Thoughts

Thoughts of that Cast, I entreat you to stay and drink a Bottle of Wine with me ; when if you doubt my Honour in this Declaration, I will confirm your Security in what manner you shall ask it.—The Gentleman, in the utmost Amazement at this Generosity, could only answer with a low Bow, which being understood by the Count for his Assent, he was immediately ushered into a stately Room, and Wine of many Sorts were ordered to be served.—Sir, resumed the Count, you may in all Probability, be a little surprized to see my Behaviour so cool, in the present Case, but if you'll permit me, I will now give you my true Reasons for this calm Disposition : I look upon Vice and Virtue as the opposite Scales in which the true Merits of either Man or Woman ought to be weighed or valued ; and till I discover either of them black, I, according to Christian Charity, and my Religion, believe them fair ; but when, upon Proof, they appear to be otherwise, Contempt is the only Punishment which I can conceive I have a Right to inflict, and which to me, is the worst of earthly Punishments. You, Sir, have evidently injured me in a very tender point, and as you are a Stranger to my Acquaintance, I don't think it worth my while to seek a further Satisfaction from you, and for this Reason ; had the Countess been naturally chaste, she would not have been foul with you ; and, as she is evidently otherwise, had you not been guilty with her, she would certainly have found out somebody else that would, for Nature will be Nature, and Vice and Virtue will ever be inherent ; and therefore, Sir, it is from her I shall seek a Satisfaction, and which shall be of such a Sort, as shall leave no Stain upon my Name, or Honour, or Mark of Violence on her polluted Body.

At this generous and mild Discourse, the young Gentleman was most sensibly affected, and it made so deep an Impression upon his Mind, that he was well nigh bursting into a Flood of Tears, cursing his own concupiscent Desires, which made him instrumental and capable of wronging so good, so truly great a Man. When they had spent some Time in discours-

ing on these Points, the Count very politely offered the Gentleman his Coach to carry him Home, but it being with much Ceremony and Confusion accepted, they with as much Politeness as possible parted, without the least Appearance of either Enmity or Rancour.

In what Mood, or with what Reflections, the Lady spent the Remainder of the Night, or rather Morning, I shall leave my judicious Reader to conceive, and shall now proceed to give the next Day's Journal.—In the Morning, about the usual Hour, the Lord sent his Compliments to the Countess, desiring her Company to Breakfast with him, and the afflicted Lady, whom the Messenger found bathing in a Flood of Tears, instantly obeyed. As soon as she came into his Presence, she fell upon her Knees, and humbly besought his Pardon. But the Count, instantly raising her up, acquainted her, that Crimes of that Nature were not like other Foibles, so easily to be forgot. However, he assured her, that he should take no violent or unwarrantable Steps with her; but as she had, by her shameful Indiscretion, rendered it indispensibly necessary to part, and that it was impossible to think of their future Cohabitation any more, he advised her to collect such of her Necessaries as she might think proper; for that he had ordered his Coach and Six to be instantly ready to carry her back again, from whence he had her, *viz.* her Father's, who was a Nobleman of great Character, that lived about nine Miles from thence; so, after Breakfast was over, they went into the Coach together, and drove directly thither; but the generous Count was above upbraiding her once with her Crime, but rather endeavoured to comfort her in her Sorrows, which now seemed greatly to afflict her. At length they came to her Father's Seat, and being admitted, the generous Count began to open the Cause of their present Visit, in a very tender and accurate Manner; and, at the same Time, besought that Nobleman, with all his Force and Eloquence, to receive and entertain his Daughter. But,
alas!

alas ! it was all in vain : He looked upon her, as to have forfeited all Pretensions to his Blood, and told her, she was an everlasting Stain to her Family, and rather a Disgrace than Ornament to her Sex ; and as for his ever receiving her again, he thought she merited more the severest Death, than the least Glimpse of Affection, from his Hands ; and that he should endeavour, from that Moment, to erase her out of his Memory, as thoroughly as she was now blotted from his Heart ; and therefore he demanded, that the Count, her Husband, should instantly take her from his House ; and told him, he might dispose of her as he judged proper ; for she deserved no Regard of his, nor should he ever again, he hoped, pollute his Tongue by pronouncing of her Name.

At this dreadful Assurance from a noble Father, when irrecoverably lost to the best of Husbands, and her Fame, Honour and inward Peace of Mind were fled, and left her thus abandoned, what Tongue or Pen can attempt to describe her Misery ? Such a Moment is only to be guessed at, and that too only by those tender, feeling and sympathizing Children of Nature, who are capable of being touched with the Miseries of their Fellow-Creatures.—For here was her Father so immoveably determined, that Tears, Submissions, Prayers, Protestations, and Intercessions, were of no Effect : The Count, her Husband, was forced to take her away, and never more, on any Consideration, was she to be admitted there again. Accordingly they re-entered their Coach, and the Count ordered the Coachman to proceed to an Uncle's of the Lady's, who lived about three Miles from her Father's, in Hopes to find him much more flexible than the latter, and that she might be received into his friendly House ; but here they found no better Success. The Uncle no sooner understood the Cause of their Division, than he expressed himself to the same Effect that her Father had done before, and as hastily demanded her Departure ; which, after trying all their Efforts, they were obliged to comply with, and so again returned to the Coach.

And now, there remained but one Step more to take, and all was ended, which was as follows:

Being again re-placed in their Coach, the afflicted and penitent Lady fell upon her Knees, and thus addressed her Lord, clasping fast hold of his Hand, and with her beauteous Eyes, though drowned in a Flood of Tears, which rolled incessant down her lovely Cheeks, she bent their blunted Points full fixed on his, and then, with an Accent broken with her Grievs, and loaded with a Torrent of inexpressive Bitterness, proceeds: My afflicted Soul, thou injured and thou best of Men! is unable to unburden her vast Load! or to unfold to my unintelligible Tongue, the least Idea with which my Crime is pictured in my Mind! I can behold the Heaven of thy Face, but as the Angels of Darkness lift up their presumptuous Eyes to view the Light; which blessed Sight, serves only to shew me plainer, the miserable State of my own sad Wretchedness; and when I reflect upon my guilty Deeds, and compare them with your noble, generous and spotless Actions, and then consider the mighty Difference of our present Situation, it brings to my Thoughts, the dreadful Contrast of the last general Day; whilst thee, thou best of Men! can, guiltless, look upon a miserable lost One, sinking in Despair, and drowning in her own black Crimes, and, with soft Pity and sympathizing Tendernefs, wish and strive to save me. I can only, as the greatest Glimpse of Comfort now left me, raise my unworthy and afflicted Eyes, to feed Despair on thine.— Here she was going on, when the generous and tender Count, unable any longer to bear the Continuance of her pitiful and moving Strain, burst into a Flood of Tears, and raising her to the opposite Seat of the Coach, returned this Answer: Madam, he must be more than Nature, or less than Man, that can thus behold your deep Afflictions, and now-unavoidable Misery, and not to be moved with inexpressible Compassion; I am too sensibly affected with your Sorrows, not to administer all that lies in my Power to comfort you, and restore your Tranquility.

lity. Although your Father and Uncle have cast you off, and utterly disown you, yet will I ever be your Friend, so far as I am able, with Honour, to the Period of my Life; and therefore, my present Advice is, in order to avoid the Reflections and Insults of the World, that you immediately retire to a Monastery, where you shall be presented worthy of your Rank; there you may rest secure and safe from the Pest and Insolence of Mankind, and have nothing else to do but to reconcile your Mind to Peace and Heaven; and, whatsoever else may offer, that I can contribute, to compleat that Happiness, you may certainly depend upon.

This was a Proposal that aptly suited with the Afflictions of the Lady, and therefore was immediately approved of, and executed; where we shall leave her to atone for her former Indiscretions, and the good Count to pursue the deserved Rewards of an uninterrupted Life.

The Parson and his horned Horse.

*Then mounted on a horned Horse,—
Disguised in all the Mask of Night,
We left our Champion on his Flight.—
And tho' with Kicks and Bangs he ply'd
The farther and the nearer Side;
So, tho' he posted e'er so fast,
His Fear was greater than his Haste.*

Hud.

WHEN Men, either through Covetousness, Impertinence, or any other unwarrantable Motive, will stoop and condescend to mean Actions, throwing off the Dignity of the Mind, as well as that of his Character and Profession, it naturally robs him of that Respect and Distance which would be otherwise due to him, and would certainly be rendered to him, from all Degrees and Ranks of People;

for it is the Behaviour of a Man, let him be who or what he will, that absolutely supports or totally ruins him ; and let him be ever so high or ever so low in the World, he will, nevertheless, be always respected or despised, according to the general Character that he bears ; so that, if he acts meanly, he thereby puts himself upon a mean Footing, even though he may have had the good Fortune to be born a Prince ; and he that supports the Dignity and Character of a Man, though he has had the ill Luck to be born a Beggar, is far greater than the other. The following Story will prove the Difference of these Characters.

Mr. *Freegift*, a worthy Gentleman, in *Suffolk*, bestowed a very good Living upon Parson *Guttleguzzle*, who was a very troublesome, unthinking Man ; for, as the Story goes, he had very little Regard to any Thing else but his Belly, to which he was a very constant and studious Friend ; and the Parsonage House being about a Mile from his Patron's Seat, the Parson, being a very assiduous Man, did him the Honour, sometimes, to come three or four Times a Week, before eight o'Clock in the Morning, and stay till eleven or twelve at Night. At length, Mr. *Freegift* and his Family grew weary of him, and which the Parson himself could not avoid seeing ; but he did not chuse to understand it, as knowing his Patron to be both a modest and a generous Man ; and then again, Mr. *Guttleguzzle*, on the other Hand, as is natural to that Tribe, behaved himself so liberally towards the Servants, for all the Trouble which he gave them, that they had contracted as much Love for him as their Master ; and a good Reason why, for none of them all had ever yet seen a Cross of his Money : It happened, one Day, that the Groom was saying something to his Master about the good Parson, as they were in the Stable together, which caused the following Reply from the 'Squire, D—n the Parson, with all my Heart, I wish I could find some Way or other to make him forsake my House ; he is the most impudent and stupid Fellow that ever I knew in my Life ; and, I believe, verily, I must

I must have him tossed in a Blanket before I get shut of him. The Groom, being a very humorous Fellow, and hearing his Master make this Declaration, answered him thus, If your Honour will please to give me Leave to put a Joke upon him, I'll soon make him ashamed of coming here, I'll warrant him. — Will you? answered the Gentleman, then I assure you, you shall have my Leave, with all my Heart; but you must not offer to do him any Injury, for I'll not suffer any Thing of that Sort to be attempted. If your Trick or Joke be an innocent one, you may execute it with my Consent; but I must not, for all that, know any Thing of the Matter. — This Leave being granted, and their Master acquainted with the Nature of it, the Servants began to prepare to execute the Groom's intended Plan, and which was to be done the next Time the Parson came there: And he did not let them wait for an Opportunity above a Day or two after, when the Scheme was performed as follows: — They had, belonging to the House, a favourite tame Bull, which was so gentle, that the Groom had oftentimes caparisoned him with a Bridle and Saddle, like a Horse, and several of the Servants had many Times rid him up and down the Yard; Roger had always behaved himself very prudently, and with the utmost Decency, upon those Occasions: He was brought up and educated in the Family from a Calf, and they had fed him with their Hands, with any Thing that he would eat; so that he would follow them up and down like a Dog: Nay, the very Maids had been honoured with many an Airing upon his gentle Back. So the next Time the Parson came, they got this Bull ready up in the Stable; and the Squire approving of the Humour, kept the Parson that Night a little later than ordinary, who, as I hinted before, had about a Mile home, and all the Way through a long and narrow Lane: But his old Horse, *Jack*, had gone it so often, that he could sleep, without Fear, upon his Back. However, the Moon was near her Change, and the Night very dark; and this, in particular, happened to suit their

Scheme extremely well: For, when the Company broke up for Bed, the 'Squire rung the Bell, as usual, for the Servants to get the Parson's Horse ready; but, just as the Butler was lighting the Parson to the Door, his Candle, by some Accident, went purposefully out, and at which the Butler seemed a little out of Temper.—Gadso, says he, this is very unlucky; but, if you'll please to stay, Sir, one Moment, I'll soon light the Candle again: This being the Groom's Cue, who stood just out of Sight of the Door with the Bull, ready for the Parson to mount, cried, Here's your Horse, Sir.—O! that's very well! quoth the Parson, who was about Half-seas over, that's as much as I want. Help me but to my Horse, and I want no Light; old *Jack* can find his Way home without Light as well as with.

To make short my Story, they soon mounted him upon *Roger's* Back, who was never honoured with so much Divinity before. When the Parson was settled and adjusted in his Saddle, the Groom takes *Roger* by his Muzzle, and leads him very quietly out at the great Gate, then, having wished the Parson a good Night, shut the Gate fast after him; but they had not retired to laugh at the Conceit of their Frolic above ten or twelve Minutes, before *Roger* returned back to the great Gate, discharged of his Burthen, and bellowing for Admission. As soon as they heard the Bull roar, they got a Candle and Lanthorn, and all ran down the Lane to see what was become of the Parson, not forgetting to turn his Horse, old *Jack*, down the Lane, loose before them; but when they had got about three or four hundred Yards, they found the Parson was taken into a little Farm-House, where, the Farmer happening to be up that Night, upon some particular Business, and crossing the Farm-Yard with a Light in his Hand, just as the Parson was riding by, he espied the Bull's Horns, and, in his sudden Fright, putting his Spurs into his Sides, which *Roger* had not before been used to, and screaming out at the same Instant, in a most horrid Tone, *Roger* began to kick up his Heels in a very strange
Manner,

Manner, by which Means he soon got rid of the Parson. Then *Roger* returned Home to acquaint the rest of the Family therewith, and to try for Admission into his old Lodging again. It was some Time before they could recover the Parson rightly to his Senses; and then the best Account he was able to give them, was, that he had rode the Devil, and was sure he had carried him over Hedge and Ditch, but, it being very dark, had not an Opportunity of seeing his Horns, until he discovered them by the Light of the Farmer's Candle. — The Truth of this Affair being the next Day blown all about the Parish, and the Parson being informed of the Cause of it, he was ashamed of going to his Patron's House ever after. And the Clerk, being a wagish Kind of a Man, affirmed, that his Master had outdone the primitive Christians; for, whereas, they were wont to ride upon no better a Creature than an Ass, but his good Master, Mr. *Guttleguzzle*, had luckily improved his Keffel into a Bull; and though he believed it to be done by a Kind of a Blunder, yet he was sure it was a much more honourable Beast, and therefore, he thought, very worthy of Imitation.

The Magistrate's Lady; or a new Quirk for the Lawyers.

Women and Lawyers are both dangerous Tools

For wise Men to deal with; and not fit for Fools.

Anonym.

AS far as I am able to judge, by what little Concerns I have had amongst that rapacious and dangerous Set of Men, called Lawyers, the Heroine of our following Story, by the Assumption of her malignant Resolution, and turbulent, quibbling Spirit, would have made a most excellent Wrangler at the Bar, had she been of that Sex that would have been suffered both the Application and Practice, and, in my Opinion, not much inferior to several of that noisy, puzzling Class, who are at this Time in high

Estimation, and whose greatest Talents, Study and Delight, chiefly consist of such worthy, amiable and learned Qualifications.

About the Year 1744, *England* being at War with *France* and *Spain*, an Order was issued out, according to Act of Parliament, for impressing all able-bodied idle and disorderly Men into his Majesty's Service; and this Business properly descending to the Constables, many busy and rapacious People, for the Sake of Profit, made Interest for that Office, because, for every Person they impressed, and was approved of by the regulating Captains, &c. the Constable became intitled to 40 s. Amongst the rest, a certain Barber, named *Puffwell*, who was a very conceited Fellow, made Interest enough to be appointed one of those Constables. But he was no sooner sworn into his Office, than he looked upon himself as another Kind of Man than heretofore; and accordingly equipped himself with a Brace of Pocket Pistols and a Hanger; for, as this was a dangerous and hazardous Business, he conceived it prudent to furnish himself thus with Arms for the Good of the Nation. And now, no poor Man could look him in the Face, or dare to exchange a Word with him, without being impressed for a Soldier. His Wife and Family, sympathizing with his Greatness of Mind and Office, disdained the Thought of Trade, and looked upon themselves now, in the exalted State of civil Power, and absolute Authority.

Soon after this worthy Gentleman's Advancement as above, his honourable Spouse, now Madam *Puffwell*, going to Market for Provisions for her Family, and happening to cheapen a Shoulder of Mutton, caused the following odd Dispute: Here, Fellow, quoth she to the Butcher, what do you ask for this Shoulder of Mutton? — Three Pence a Pound, replies the Butcher. — Three Pence a Pound, said she, with an Air of Contempt, sure you are drunk! — Drunk! quoth the Butcher, who the Devil are you? Where did you come from? What, because I know the Worth of my own Goods, I am drunk, Ha? —

Pr'ythee,

Pr'ythee, Fellow, said she, don't talk your Stuff to me, chatter to your Companions and Equals?— Upon which, one of the Market-men standing by, and happening to know her, for she lived within one hundred Yards of the Place, cries out, D—n your B—h's Head! who taught you those Airs? Do you think I don't know you, you bunting B—h? Ay, and your scoundrel Husband too?—This Language stung her to the Heart.—And, Sirrah, said she again, I'll make you know who I am! I will, you Villain! I am a Magistrate's Lady, Sirrah! How dare you talk to me, you Rascal? I will press you for a Soldier, Sirrah!—With that she catches him hold by the Collar, and then goes on to explain her Authority as follows, when the poor Fellow cried out, You press me!—Yes, you Villain, answers she, I am a Magistrate's Lady; my Husband is a Constable; and, by the Laws of this Land, a Man and his Wife are one Flesh, therefore I am consequently half a Constable, and I insist upon your serving the King. On her starting this logical Point, many of the Butchers and their Wives, for they are seldom very great Lawyers, stood staring at her, and at one another, but durst not offer to interpose. At last, the Man, whom she cheapened the Mutton of, seeing her hawl and pull the Fellow by the Throat, desired she would go about her Business, or else he vowed he would dye her all over as fine a Crimson as ever was seen.— You, Fellow, touch me at your Peril! you Rascal, quoth she, I insist upon this Fellow's serving the King, for I have pressed him lawfully, and I command you in the King's Name to aid and assist me.— This, for a Minute or two, staggered them all again; but another of them taking Heart, came up to her, and demanded the Man's Liberty, or he would peg her two Eyes out. Upon which, she, not in the least daunted at his Threat, insisted that he was also a proper Person to serve the King, and she would press him likewise; and therefore commanded several People, who were drawn thither by the Noise, to assist her in the Execution of her Office.—Here the Women

men of the Market, finding this was a shrewd Point, and which they had never heard disputed before, fearing she should get the better, and carry away their Husbands, immediately withdrew, and after debating the Matter in Council among themselves, they let several of their great Dogs loose upon her; which this Magistrate's Lady having some Notice of, she quitted her Prize, and thought proper to retreat without her Booty, to the no small Credit of the Butchers' Wives, and general Joy of the whole Market.

The History of Captain *Peacock*, and Lieutenant *Heartwell*.

——— *He was—neat, and trimly dress'd;
Fresh as a Bridegroom, and his Chin new reap'd,
Shew'd like a Stubble-land at Harvest home.
He was perfum'd like a Milliner,
And, 'twixt his Finger and Thumb, he held
A Civet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his Nose: And still he smil'd and talk'd,
—And said, 'That 'twas great Pity, so it was,
' That villainous Saltpetre should be dug
' Out of the Bowels of the harmless Earth,
' Which many a good, tall Fellow had destroy'd
' So cowardly.' ———*

Shakesp. K. Hen. IV.

IF I had a Mind to be satyrical, I would say, that we have had too many such Commanders in the Navy, during the late War, as my good Captain *Peacock*, in the present History; which, no Doubt, has not a little contributed to make it so vastly unsuccessful as it really was, for several Years, from the Beginning. And if any Person should ask, why the *French* Officers are generally better, both by Sea and Land, than ours? they might be answered, it is because they never rise in that Service, only according to their Merit. As my Friend *Heartwell* did, according to the following Story.

In

In the Reign of our late Queen *Anne*, one Mr. *Peacock*, a Gentleman of uncommon Notions and Behaviour for a Seaman, was, by the Interest of his Friends, appointed Commander of the *Bristol* Man of War, a 60 Gun Ship : Which honourable Post, for some Time, suited extremely well with the Captain's Conveniency and Taste. For he was excessively fond of Ease, Delicacy, and Grandeur. And as his Ship was Stationed, and had been for some time, at *Spithead*, he could enjoy his Commission to the Height of his Desire, without Inconvenience or Danger. For he was never seen on board of his Ship, but in extreme fine Weather, having a House at *Portsmouth*, to reside at, elegantly furnished : So that, when he pleased to visit his Ship, a Prince could not be happier, nor have more Respect paid him. If he dined on board, a most elegant Dinner was prepared ; his Barge attended his Command ; his Officers received him with Homage, and full dressed ; his Band of Musick stuck up with Instruments of Joy, the Ship was clean from Head to Stern, and a certain Holiday rejoiced the Crew ; Sports and Gambols were constantly contrived, and nought but Mirth appeared in every Face. The Captain himself was always brilliant in his Dress, and being of a delicate Nature, had a mortal Aversion to Things out of order ; so that the Sight of a Tarbucket, or a Rope uncoil'd, would put him out of Temper, till the one was removed, and the other put to Rights. And in order to gladden every Breast with the most seraphic Glee, he never appeared upon the Deck, but like the rising Sun, he put on all his Glory ; and with Gold, Gems, and Colours of the Brightest Dye, he blest their wondering Eyes with his Radiance. In this happy State he continued for near a Twelvemonth ; when cruel Fortune turned her back upon him, and left our happy Captain, I may say, for ever. For in the very Height of the pleasant Summer Season, a sudden and unexpected Order was sent Express, from the hard hearted Admiralty, directing and requiring our angelic Captain

Captain to immediately quit the indulgent Shore, and put to Sea upon a Six-weeks Cruize, with the very first fair Wind. At the good Captain's receiving this unwelcome Pacquet, it threw him into a most violent Disorder; and he had some Thoughts of resigning his Commission, rather than endanger his Health and Constitution on the boisterous ravenous Sea. And besides this, there was a Hazard of meeting with the ill natured *French*, to whom he had a most inveterate Hatred, and with whom we were then at open War; and therefore 'twas to be imagined, that those cruel Lords, who imposed this Task upon him, might expect that he should dispute with any of them, with his noisy Guns, according to the vulgar *English* Custom, should they come in his Way. And how agreeable such a Requisition was to our peaceable Commander, my Reader will presently find; Noise and Hurry were Enemies to his Repose, and the Stench of stinking Gunpowder was Poison to his Nostrils. Lameness and Loss of Blood were things to be loathed and dreaded; and then, for Death, he was neither prepared, nor could endure the Thoughts of. All which being thrown into the Scale together, there was nothing to be thought of, that could counterbalance it. He advised and counseled with his First-Lieutenant, in order to sound him about it, but he was too much of the Water-Savage, to give him any Comfort. But on the contrary, urged a vile and sinister Prospect of making a Fortune at the Expence of the Enemy, should it so happen, that any of them might come in their way. This unmerciful Discourse was Murder to our Captain's Ear; and therefore his own Reflection was the only Thing left to determine him. And now he considers, that should he, on any Pretence quit the Ship, he should not only disoblige the cruel Admiralty, but also his best Friends, who might put ill-natured Constructions upon his Conduct, and by that means not get another Ship. Without which, he was absolutely ruined, for he had no other Fortune to live upon. And yet, six Weeks was an Age to suffer the Dangers and Inconveniences.

conveniences he was doom'd to. At length, reflecting that it was possible he might not meet with any of those innocent *Frenchmen*, whose Blood he did not wish to answer for, and that, though six Weeks was a great while, yet it would some time have an End, he plucked up a noble Spirit, and resolved to obey his Orders. So, in a Day or two after, the Wind coming about fair, he weighed Anchor, and set forth to Sea. Several Weeks past with pretty tolerable Fortune: Good Weather, little Wind, and no Interruption. But now, as we are never secure in any earthly Happiness, Fate, like *Proteus*, in a Moment, changed his Aspect, and from the most promising Prospect of Success, instantly produced the most terrible Reverse that Horror can describe. They were now about 10 Leagues from the Land's End, making for the Bay of *Biscay*, in an Indolent Manner, after the Rate of about a Knot an Hour, when an impudent busy Fellow at the Mast Head roared out, a Sail! a Sail! At this sudden Salute, the Ship's Crew were all in an Uproar, and the Captain, being informed of it, came staring out of his Cabin half frightened out of his Wits, and demanding what Point she bore from them, asked likewise, who could see her? and being answered, that she was espied by *Jack Quicksight*, from the Mast-head, the Captain replied, D—n that Fellow! What Business has he there? Bid him come down this Minute?—and turning to the First-Lieutenant, demanded whether he could see any Ship? Who returned, — No, Sir, not as yet; but doubtless we shall presently, since she is descried upon our Weather-Bow, and bearing down towards us under all our Cloaths.—This was an unhappy Situation for the poor Captain; for without going directly back again, there was no such thing as avoiding her. Which in about an Hour and an half's Time appeared visible to the naked Eye, a stout large Ship of War, mounting as many Guns as the *Bristol*; and, what was worse, steered a direct Course towards her. Upon discovering her to be a Ship of Force, the Captain sent for his First-Lieutenant into his

his State-room, and asked him, what he thought was best to be done? — I am convinced, says he, that she is a first Rate; and though ours is a good Ship, and very well mann'd yet her Weight of Metal will certainly overpower us; and therefore, in order to save the Ship, I could find in my Heart to tack about, and make again for the Channel: Perhaps we may meet with Assistance. One more *English* Ship, though but a Frigate, would enable us to attack her with some Prospect. But as it is, to engage her, is putting the Queen's Ship and Subjects upon too great a hazard; and my Precipitation may be very much blamed for it. What is your Opinion, Mr. *Heartwell*? Don't you think it is best and most prudent to bear away from her? It is morally impossible to sustain an Opposition to such a Ship as this certainly is. Why her lower Tier mounts six and thirty Pounders, at least, and are sufficient to blow us to the Devil! — Let her blow us to Hell, if she can, replies the Lieutenant, by my Consent, we'll have a Brush with her, if she's an Enemy. But, continued he, perhaps she may be an *English* Ship. Or, may be a *French* Indiaman; and then she'll be worth our speaking with. But, be what she will, I'm sure she's no first Rate! and to alter our Course, from her, would appear like Cowardice. And therefore, Sir, I would advise you to clear Ship fore and aft; and make ready with all speed for an Engagement. Our Lads are ready to leap out of their Skins, for Joy, at the Sight of her. And by the Mefs! she seems worth speaking with. What do you say, Sir, shall I clear the Ship? — Ay, I think so! says the stout Captain, looking as pale as Death, but let the Fellows do it with as little Noise as possible; because I am very much out of Order. And send me two or three decent young Fellows, that will be careful to pack up my China; and carry it down to the Store-room. For I would not have my China broken for the World! And pray, Mr. *Heartwell*, don't let my Cabin and State-room be pulled down till the last thing. Because, in Case she should not be an Enemy, I shall then avoid all that Disorder. The rest I submit to you.

Very well, Sir, replies the Lieutenant. So, he was scarce out of the State-room, before he roared out, with all his Might, Here, Boatswain! Pipe the Hands up! where is the Carpenter? let him knock down all the Cabins, and clear Ship! Call the Gunner! and every Man to his Hammock! and bring them upon Deck directly. This was glorious News to the whole Ship's Crew, who instantly set up three unanimous Huzzas, that almost put the Captain into Convulsions, and occasioned him to send an immediate Message to Mr. *Heartwell*, requiring him to be more wary and silent in the Execution of his Duty, least he should alarm the Enemy, if she should prove such; and be the Occasion of their getting away from them. But the Lieutenant sent him an Answer, that soon eased him of that Fear: for he bid the Steward tell the Captain, that she seemed so far from desiring to get off, that he knew her to be a *French Ship*, of 64 Guns, and was bearing down upon them, with Intention to engage them. This Answer was received by Captain *Peacock*, like the Sentence of Death. And what to do, or how to dispose of himself, he could not devise. *Heartwell*, he knew, was too eager and Stubborn to hearken to him, and therefore, he was obliged to acquiesce with his Humour for the present, but had other Determinations for the future. While the Captain was thus in the utmost Anxiety, scheming to himself, the Ship's whole Company were in the utmost Hurry and Bustle. All Things being in Readiness, and the *French Ship*, for so she proved, within less than half a League of them, the Captain thought proper to mount the Quarter-Deck, where he made a most illustrious Figure, not much unlike *Slender* in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. For he had a Pair of fine white Gloves on; a short Silk Jacket, we'll suppose, not made on Purpose to fight in, which reached about half-way down his Thighs; a Pair of fine white roll-up Stockings, and high-top Shoes, that aspired half way up his Shins; and a very little low-brimmed Hat, laced and Plumed in a sumptuous Manner: With all these, he had a thin, white, weasel Face,

Face, and a wild and ghastly Look, that rendered him altogether, a most fantastical and grotesque Figure. As soon as he came upon Deck, he takes hold of the Spying-glass, and after he had viewed the Enemy once thro' it, he says to the First-Lieutenant, Good God ! Mr. *Heartwell*, she has five thousand Hands on Board ! The Lord send she might not sink us, the first Broadside ! Never fear, Sir, replied the Lieutenant, only see what a general chearful Countenance appears amongst the whole Crew ! We shall make her dance to some Tune presently, I'll answer for't. And, with your Leave, as we are all ready, I'll advance a Word or two to encourage them. Ay, ay, do, says the Captain, I hope, if she be a *French* Ship, that she won't make long Work on't, for the Sake of the poor Men, and their Families. Here the Boatswain was ordered to pipe all Hands, and the First-Lieutenant advancing to the Front of the Quarter-Deck, after Silence was commanded, pulled off his Hat, and addressed the whole Crew as follows.

My brave Lads ! you see an Enemy is here before us, of equal Force, ready to engage ; she is not only, by solemn Declaration, an Enemy to our Queen and Country, but also to our holy Religion ; persecuting our poor Fellow-Subjects, whenever within their Power, as Enemies to God, and treating them with all Kind of Cruelties. I therefore, by the Captain's Permission, am desired to inform you, that he is determined, with a true *English* Spirit, either to subdue this bold *Frenchman*, and carry her, as a Pledge and Token of our Duty and Courage, into our native Country, or fall a noble Sacrifice in the brave Attempt. I must exhort every Man to be resolute and diligent in his respective Station ; and do assure you, for my own Part, that I am determined to stand by you all to the last drop of my vital Blood. And yet, will I, do to the utmost of my Power, be as careful of you all, as I possibly can be of my own Life. And now, my Lads, every Man to his particular Station, and may the Almighty God, in whose Cause we fight, preserve you all, and crown you with Victory.

These

These Words were no sooner out of Mr. *Heartwell's* Mouth, than the whole Ship's Crew signified their Applause by three loud Huzzas; and which contributed something, to raise, for a Moment, the depressed Spirits of the pusillanimous Captain. But the Crew had no sooner proclaimed their aforesaid Approbation, than the enraged *Frenchman*, taking it for an insulting Defiance, discharged a whole Broadside at them; but, being a full Mile Distance from them, chanced not to touch them with one Shot; and the *Bristol* being still under *French* Colours, Mr. *Heartwell* advised the Captain not to fire a Gun, or open a Port, but to keep their Men all snug, till they came within Pistol-shot of her; and then, when they could point every Gun, and were sure of doing Execution, to shew her their best *English* Play. To this the Captain replied, Ye, yes, yes. Let us do them what Mischief we can to be sure. But I am afraid they should carry away our Masts before we come near enough; and then we shall not be able to work the Ship. Besides, I have heard a very experienced and good Commander say, that it was ill Conduct to engage an Enemy too near; because you were, thereby, liable every Moment of being blown up, or else sunk, through the intense Heat and Power of the Balls. Why then, Sir, replied the Lieutenant, she'll be in the same Danger from us; and she shall soon see we are not afraid of her. So they kept hugging the Wind as much as they could, hoping to gain the Weather-gage of the *Frenchman*, but in that Point they could not get the Advantage, nor had the *Frenchman* much of her; however, the *Bristol* received a second Broadside from her, without returning a Gun. Here the Captain being in the utmost Agitation, though the Ship was in no proper Position for it, cried out, in a low and trembling Accent, Fire! Gentlemen, Fire! This dreadful Command was uttered in such a thundering Tone, that the Men upon the Upper-Deck were insensible of its being pronounced: And the First-Lieutenant perceiving the Captain's Courage, kept a strict Eye and Ear towards

towards him, so that he had scarcely uttered the Word, Fire, when the Lieutenant steps up to him, 'Sblood, Sir, do you know what you are about? Don't you see that we are under *French* Colours? Would you forfeit the Honour of your Country, as well as your Conduct, to engage under false Colours?—That's very true, cries the Captain, I did not observe that. Pray hawl them down! And if we give them a good Broadside soon, as they see we are not afraid of them, perhaps they may run away. These Words were scarce out of his Mouth, when the *Frenchman* gave them a Salute, which carried away Part of the *Bristol's* carved Work, but did no other Damage. Upon which, the Captain squalled out, O! she's a very dreadful Ship! At this, Mr. *Heartwell* turns upon him, Zounds, Sir, are you afraid?—No, no, replied the Captain, I am not! Pray bid the People fire? So taking out of his Pocket a smelling Bottle, he applied it to his Nose, with these Words, the Stink of their filthy Gunpowder will be the Death of me.—Why then, says the Lieutenant, the Strength of our Gunpowder shall revenge your Cause. And being now within a Cable's Length of them, the *Frenchman* began to play away pretty briskly upon them; which put our magnanimous Captain in a most unfavoury Condition. But *Heartwell* had a nearer View, for he ordered the Gunner to load all round with double Head-shot, and not to fire a Gun without a tolerable Certainty of Execution; which Order was strictly observed: For by-and-bye, when the *Frenchman* had discharged one Side, and was luffing up, to present them with a second, *Heartwell*, that Moment, run up his *English* Colours, and poured in so successful a Discharge, that he carried away poor Monsieur's Fore-top-mast, the Main-top-mast Stay, some Part of the Main Shrouds, and did other Damage; and then sweetened it with three general Cheers, which were scarce ended, before the incensed *Frenchman* returned the Compliment with another Thunder-shower: The Effect of which would have done the Business, had
not

not the busy and bloody-minded Lieutenant interposed in a very insolent and rebellious Manner: For it happening that the Enemy's Discharge carried away a poor Fellow's Head, who was quartered at small Arms upon the Quarter-Deck, and so near the Captain, that some of his Blood flew upon his Silk Jacket, which produced such a dreadful and instantaneous Panic in the bold Captain *Peacock*, that he called out, with all his Might, to the Quarter-Master on the Poop, to strike the Colours; and which were actually half-way down the Mast, before the Lieutenant could interpose: But, as I observed before, he having great Reason to distrust his Conduct, kept a good Look-out, and as soon as he heard the Words repeated, strike the Colours, he immediately roared out, D—n you, Sir! strike the Colours at your Peril! Hoise them again this Moment, or I'll shoot you dead! This was no sooner done, than he seized hold of the Captain by the Collar, and taking his Sword out of his trembling Hand, delivered him into the Hands of a Couple of Sailors, with Orders to carry him down to the Surgeon, to be let Blood, and to remain with him there till the Engagement was over: Which being done, he assumed the Command and Management of the Ship himself, and with so much Courage and Conduct did he maintain the Fight, that, in about two Glasses, the *Frenchman* was obliged to strike, having 190 Men killed and wounded, and the *Bristol* had but 4 Men killed, and 23 wounded. No sooner was the Engagement over, than the First-Lieutenant sent to speak with the Surgeon, who immediately came, and asking him, if he had let the Captain Blood? he answered, with an intelligible Smile in the Affirmative. To which, Mr. *Heartwell* replied, please, Sir, to bear my Compliments to the Captain, inform him of our Success, and let him know that I'll wait upon him myself to enquire after his Health, as soon as I have set ourselves a little to Rights. In the mean Time, I must beg that he may remain with you, and desire you will take all the Care that is possible of the poor
Lads,

Lads, who are wounded ; and dress those first that are in the greatest Danger.

Here the Surgeon returned to the Cockpit, as he was ordered, and the *French Officers* being brought on board the *Bristol*, and all Things again put to Rights, the *English Officers*, according to their Rank, followed the Example of their First-Lieutenant, who, with the utmost Complaisance, waited on the valiant Captain to enquire after his Health. But, to his Mortification, he had not only forfeited all Claim to the Honour and Benefit of the Prize, but also found he was likely to remain a Prisoner till he ignominiously returned to *England* ; and that too, with the unanimous Concurrence of the whole Ship's Company. However, Mr. *Heartwell* had Humanity and Complaisance enough to fit up the Captain's Cabin again commodiously, to which he restored him, but not at large ; for he had a continual Guard over him, and the Surgeon's two Mates constantly relieved one another, with Watch and Watch, during the whole Cruize, till they arrived at *Spithead* ; where they had the Pleasure to find their aforesaid Prize safe before them. As soon as they came to Anchor, Mr. *Heartwell* wrote up the whole Account of his Conduct to the Admiralty, as likewise did the noble Captain *Peacock*, who also demanded his Liberty, and which was absolutely denied him by Mr. *Heartwell*, till he had received his farther Instructions from the Board. The Oddity of both these Officers' Behaviour, which was exactly opposite and contrary, made a very great Noise all over *England*, and every Body breathed forth the Praises of the worthy Mr. *Heartwell*, and as much to the Disadvantage of the poor innocent Captain. But though the Lieutenant received the Compliments of the Million, he was disappointed of them, if he expected the same from the Board ; for in less than a Week's Time, he received an Order from the Admiralty to quit the Ship, and prepare himself to answer for his Misconduct at a Court-Martial, which was ordered by their Lordships,

to

to try both the Captain and himself. This Advice did not at all affect the brave Lieutenant, who had already prepared his Defence, in his Mind, imagining from the first that it would be demanded of him. However, he had the Satisfaction to find, that the Captain was still detained a Prisoner by the same Order; and though he was directed and required to quit the Ship; yet, as he was not taken into Custody, he looked upon it as a good Omen, and the whole Ship's Company he was sure were in his Interest. But his personal Defence was what he most relied on; and, indeed, as my Reader will find, was quite sufficient, for the time being come, he was arraigned for disobeying his Captain's Command, and also for Mutiny, in laying violent Hands upon his Captain, and without any Precedent, or Authority, for so doing, committing him, *Vi et armis*, a close Prisoner, and so detaining him to the End of his Cruise. To which Accusation, he pleaded not guilty. And after many Witnesses were examined on both Sides, the Court demanded what he had to say in his own Defence? who answered them as follows.

Gentlemen, I shall not pretend to trouble you with a Preamble of the Captain's common Behaviour, because you may possibly conceive it both needless and improper at this Time, therefore, I shall only proceed to advance my Reasons for acting so repugnant to the Rules of the Navy, as well as my Commander's Approbation. And as I intend to present it to your Honours, in the fewest Words I am capable, I hope you will please to consider and weigh it afterwards, without favour or Prejudice. On the 9th of *June*, about 10 in the Morning, in Latitude 49 30, ten Leagues from the Land's End, steering a South-East Course, with a light Gale of Wind upon our Beam, we were informed by the Watch at the Mast-head of a Sail appearing upon our Larboard Bow, and bearing down towards us; upon which I instantly acquainted my Captain with it, who immediately came upon Deck, and both by his Words and Looks he discovered an Embarrassment, and Disap-
probation

probation of that Scheme, and my contrary Persuasions, he, at length, gave his Consent that we should prepare for engaging her; which was accordingly done. And as she came nearer and nearer to us, our Captain grew so very ill, that even his smelling Bottle could scarcely keep Life in him; and he shewed so many Symptoms of Disorder, before we fired a Gun, both in the shaking and faltering of his Voice, and frequent and sudden Changes in his Face, that I expected every Moment he would swoon away upon the Deck. Observing him thus distempered, I kept as strict an Eye upon him as possible; fearing some sudden Accident would happen to him. And we had no sooner began the Engagement, than the Captain, in the utmost Disorder, called out as well as he could, to the Quarter-Master upon the Poop, to strike the Colours. Hearing of that, and not finding ourselves in the least disabled, and only engaging with an Enemy of equal Force, I conceived, that if the Captain had not been terribly distempered, he would not so precipitately have given away one of the best Ships the Queen had in the Navy. I therefore thought it my Duty, as the next Officer, to do in the Manner that I did. And humbly submit to your Honours, to adjudge me according to your Wisdom and Opinion. I looked upon the Captain's Disorder to call for my Regard, and therefore I sent him to the Surgeon, who immediately let him Blood, and who was also of my Opinion, that he was marvelously distempered. What this Disorder might arise from, I shall not take upon me to understand; but do humbly presume to your Honours, than in doing as I have done, I have neither acted more nor less than was my Duty: For had I acquiesced with striking to our Enemy, I certainly must have been guilty of betraying the Queen's Ship and Subjects, having neither any Distemper of Body, nor true Cause for so doing.

When Mr. *Heartwell* had thus ended his Defence, the Judge Advocate made a short Harangue to the Captains who composed the Court, in Behalf of the Prisoner's Conduct. After which, they proceeded to

give

give their Opinions ; beginning at the junior Officer, according to Custom, until they ended with the Flag Officer, when they all, *Nemine Contradicente*, were of Opinion, that he had behaved himself like a gallant and prudent Officer, and that he had not only saved the Queen's Ship, and subdued her Enemy, but had also, by his prudent Courage and Behaviour, snatched the Honour of her Crown, Arms, Flag, and Kingdoms, from the utmost and sudden Disgrace imaginable.—Thus was the brave Lieutenant *Heartwell* acquitted with Honour, to the entire Satisfaction of every true Subject; while it fared just the Reverse with the proud, cowardly Captain *Peacock*: For being brought also upon his Trial, he was as unanimously condemned to be broke, besides mulct of a Twelvemonth's Pay, which he could very ill spare, and rendered incapable of ever serving in the Navy any more. This Sentence was approved of by his Royal Highness *George*, Prince of *Denmark*, the then Lord High Admiral of *England*, who soon after put the *Bristol's French Prize* in Commission, and gave the Command of her to the worthy Mr. *Heartwell*, with this judicious Remark, “ He that has so nobly won her, is certainly the most worthy to protect her, and wear her.”—And which he did for several Years, with great Honour, Courage, and Success.

*And thus was brave Heartwell most justly rewarded,
And the finikin Captain as justly discarded.*

The good and bad Parrots.

Evil Communication corrupts good Manners.

A Proverb.

NOTHING is more true than the Observation in the above Motto: And there is another Proverb that says, Use is second Nature, which is likewise true; for Custom and Use become at length habitual. We may not only observe it in our-

selves, but in all Kinds of domestic or civilized Animals. Therefore it behoves every Man, who has either Children or any Thing else to bring up, to have a special Regard how they are tutored and instructed: Because they may be sure they will become either serviceable or cumbersome to them hereafter, according as they are trained. And which may be done without the insipid Affectation which my Reader will find in the following Story.

Mrs. *Lovegrace*, a Kind of a puritanic Lady, lived some Time ago at *Kensington*, and kept a Parrot that the Servants had taught to talk all Sorts of loose Stuff, as Bawdy, Cursing, Swearing, and so forth. The good old Lady was very fond of the Parrot, and had *Poll* been better educated, she would not have taken any Money for her. But her Conversation was so vulgar, that she was never suffered to visit in the Parlour or Dining-room, on any Account, for Fear of putting any of the Company out of Countenance with her obscene Conversation. It happened one Day, that the old Lady, being in *London*, called to see one Mrs. *Rubrick*, who was just such another old religious Dame as herself. While these two were conversing by themselves on some religious Topic, a Parrot, who was in a Cage in the Corner of the Room, and in which Room Prayers were every Day read to the whole Family, unperceived by Mrs. *Lovegrace*, would often put in her godly Oar, to the great Surprize of the good Visitant. Sometimes she would break out in the following Invocations, We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.—And by-and-bye, Lord have Mercy upon us, and incline our Hearts to keep this Law. With several other Sentences that she had religiously picked up, which were full as good. These pious Speeches of *Poll's* coming in very a-propos, as Mrs. *Lovegrace* thought, she was quite ravished with the Bird, and had she been her's, perhaps, might have been left her Executrix.—Lord! Madam, said she, to her Friend, what a fine Parrot you have got? I never heard a Creature so good! I vow, it does one's Heart Good

to hear her. If she was mine, I would not part with her for all the World. I have a wicked Bird at Home, that talks all Sorts of vulgar and prophane Ribaldry. I wish, Madam, you would be so kind as to let my Bird make a Fortnight's Visit to your's, in order to improve her a little; perhaps she may make mine forget its vulgar Talk, and learn it better.—With all my Heart, Madam, I wish she may, replies Mrs. *Rubrick*, you may send it when you please.—Accordingly, the next Day, *Poll* and her Cattle were delivered into the Care and Custody of the Footman, in order to convey her to her new Preceptor, and in Hopes to mend her Breeding. But the Servant, in the Journey, growing soon weary of his Burden, and thereby not very well approving of his good Mistress's pious Design, often cried to himself as he went along, D—n my foolish Mistress for sending me of this silly Errand.—This being repeated, or to the same Effect, several Times, *Poll*, who was no Dunce at her Learning, soon caught hold of the Words, and, by the next Day, could speak them as plain as the Footman. A few Days after this, Mrs. *Lovegrace* called to see how her Parrot improved; and after sitting some little Time with her Friend, and not hearing her open her Mouth, she goes to her Bird, and began to interrogate her thus: Well, my pretty *Poll*, says she, I hope you are a good Bird now, and will forget all your Wickedness; else, what do you think will become of you? Come, let me hear what you have learned? Why don't you speak, my Dear? — *Poll* being overjoyed at the Honour of her Mistress's Presence, immediately speaks out her new Lesson, D—n my foolish Mistress for sending me of this silly Errand.—*Poll* had no sooner ended these Words, but the other Parrot immediately replied, We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord!—O Heavens! cried Mrs. *Rubrick*, my poor Bird is ruined for ever! I beg, Madam, continued she to Mrs. *Lovegrace*, you will take away that filthy reprobate Parrot, or she will soon make mine as bad

as herself. Evil Communication, you know, Madam, corrupts good Manners. Did you observe, Madam, how my Bird immediately joined with your's, in that most horrible and terrible Curse? — Yes, Madam, replied Mrs. *Lovegrace*, and I am confident that it is impossible to be happy where so much Wickedness is suffered in the House, and therefore I'll get rid of mine directly! A wicked blasphemous Creature! I'll give it this Minute to my Footman, and let him do what he will with it. — Here, Mrs. *Lovegrace's* Servant was immediately called in to carry away poor *Poll*, and to fix her in a State of Banishment for ever; and on no Consideration was she to be forgiven, or ever to return home, And thus, the same Footman got this wicked and prophane Parrot, for his Trouble of improving her.

The Country Booby's Discovery.

*A clownish Mien, a Voice with rustic Sound,
And stupid Eyes that ever lov'd the Ground;
The ruling Rod, the Father's forming Care,
Were exercis'd in vain on Wit's Despair;
The more inform'd, the less he understood,
And deeper sunk by flound'ring in the Mud.*

Dryd.

TRUE it is, that there are a Sort of People, who think themselves as much intitled to the Appellation of Rational, as any others in the human World; but did not their Obstinacy, that faithful Ally to Ignorance, use all its Might to defend and maintain that Opinion, there might be some Room to hope that the Eye of their Understanding would one Day be opened, and then they might be thoroughly convinced to the contrary. But, till that Time comes, all Instructions, all Labours, all Encouragements, and all Rewards and Punishments, are absolutely of no Effect, Obstinacy, Stupidity and Ignorance, by

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an encouraged Gradation, become so grounded and fixed, that, like the Roots of some fruitful Vegetables, they are never to be rooted out. They act, without Caution; speak, without Thought; live, without Dread; and die, without Improvement. And such a worthy Member of Mortality does the Hero of our following Tale seem to promise.

Polly Wishfort, a poor Peasant's Daughter in the Country, had the Misfortune, like many others of her Sex, to be over-persuaded by her Country Lover, so, that by her easy Credulity, she entrusted him so far, that, after some little Correspondence together, she was brought to Bed, in the Midwife's Phrase, of a fine chopping Boy. But the Child dying in a few Months after, and her Character being a little the worse for the Wear, as the Proverb says, she resolved to come up to *London*, in Hopes to mend her Fortune. And accordingly, she had not been in Town very long, before she was hired to be an Upper-Servant to one Mr. *Loveit*, a sober elder Gentleman, of a very good Estate. After she had lived with him about a Twelvemonth, *Polly*, being a genteel Girl, her modest, diligent and dutiful Behaviour so wrought upon him, that he found a strange Disturbance in his Mind, and which whispered in his Heart something to *Polly's* Advantage; so that he resolved to make his Addresses to her. And accordingly, in a short Time after, he married her. Upon which good Turn of Fortune, she wrote Word to her Friends in the Country of her happy Success; at the same Time, not forgetting to load her Master, (now her Husband) with a thousand Praises and Encomiums. When her Parents in the Country received and published this good News, her boobily Brother, whose Name was *Ralph*, and who was then two and-twenty Years of Age, hearing of his Sister's good Fortune in *London*, resolved straight to leave the Country, and seek his Sister, not in the least doubting, with the Advantage of his good Education, fine Breeding, and natural Parts, but that he should get as rich a Wife as she had a Husband. Supported and encouraged by those

glorious Hopes, out he sets, without more ado. But when he came to *London*, having forgot his Sister's Marriage Name, and only remembering the Name of the Street in which she lived, he could not tell who to enquire for: However, he soon found out the Street she lived in, but could hear nothing at all of his Sister. At length, somebody that he was making Enquiry of, advised him, if he was sure that this was the Street she lived in, to begin at one End of it, and ask at every House, on both Sides, 'till he had gone quite through. The Countryman thought this Advice very good, and therefore he resolved to put it in Execution. Accordingly he goes on to one End of the Street, and begins at a Corner House, at the Door of which he thundered and banged, as though the House had been on Fire. When the Servant came to the Door, he demanded, what was the Matter? or, who he wanted, that he made such a d—ned rattling? —Pray, yow, now, quoth *Ralph*, can you tell me whereabouts one *Moll Wishfort* lives? —*Moll Wishfort*! cries the Servant in some Surprise, you bumpkinly Son of a B—h! Is all this rattling and thundering about *Moll Wishfort*? What the Devil should she be? Or, where should she live? Who is she?—Who! why, a Gentlewoman now, replies *Ralph*, and my Sister. But she was some Kind of a Servant, some Time ago, and lives somewhere in this Town, I believe hereabouts. —The Servant made Answer, I know nothing of any such Person; and if this be the best Diversion you have, I believe you may seek her long enough, Don't you know in what Place she lives?—Why, ay, she lives somewhere in *Lunnun*, I think, replies *Ralph*, but it is such a wawnded big Place, I wonder how all the Folks do to know one another. For my Part, I should never remember half of them, not I. —The Servant could not help laughing at the Ignorance of this Reply; but demanding of him again, if he could not tell in what Street his Sister lived? he replied, Why, ay, in this Street, I think; but I have no Directions to her in Writing. —Oh, replies the Servant,

if

if that be the Case, you may find her out as well as you can. With that he shut the Door, and left him to proceed. So on *Ralph* goes to another House; and from that to another, asking still the same Questions, and giving in Return the same Answers. At last, by Chance, he hit upon the right House: And as he was enquiring of the Servant at the Door, for one *Moll Wishfort*, a Gentlewoman, his Sister, sitting in the Parlour with her Husband, to her no small Surprise, heard his Voice, and knew it. Lord! says she, my Dear! I believe that's my ignorant Country Brother's Tongue, that I hear at the Door! I can't think what Business can bring him here. Pr'ythee, my Dear, replies Mr. *Lowell*, if it be him, desire him to walk in. With that, she goes to the Door, and as soon as *Ralph* set Eyes on her, he roars out in an awkward clownish Rapture, Odsfawnds! *Moll*! How is't? 'Sblood and Guts, I am glad to see yow! Why, yow are as vine as a Dutcheffs! I thought I should never find yow out. — Here, Mrs. *Lowell*, with very little Ceremony on her Side, conducted him into the Parlour, and introduced *Ralph* to her Spouse. My Dear, says she, this is my Brother, I hope you'll excuse his unpolished Country Behaviour, and attribute it to his want of Education. But he'll improve in Time. — Ay, ay, my Dear, quoth he, sit down young Man? — Thank yow, quoth *Ralph*, I suppose yow are *Moll*'s Husband, an't yow? — Yes, Sir, replies he, I am. How do you like me, pray? — Nay, nay, says *Ralph*, what Matter is't how I like you? It is no Business of mine; if she likes yow it is well enough. — Well, Sir, answers Mr. *Lowell*, I hope she does. — Pr'ythee, my Dear, get the young Man something to eat or drink. But pray, continued he, how long have you been in Town? I never heard your Sister say any Thing that she expected you. Noa, noa, quoth *Ralph*, it was no Matter: I come o' my own Accord o' Purpose to make my Fortune: And I hope soon to be as rich as *Moll* and yow are. — Well, replies Mr. *Lowell*, I wish you good Luck; and that you may be as happy as your Sister and I

are. Ay, ay, cries *Ralph*, I an't at all afraid on't : But, how many Children has Sister and yow gotten ? — Why none, replied Mr. *Lowell*, for it is soon enough yet, I hope. — None, quoth *Ralph*, waunds ! that's your Fault then, I am sure ; for every Body knows, that Sister *Moll* has had one three Years ago, by *Goiles Rapebook*, the Thresher.

The Secret thus blown, the Husband and Wife looked at one another for some Time, as though they were Thunder-struck. At length, the poor Lady burst into Tears, fell upon her Knees, confessed her former Weakness, and vowed, if her Husband would forgive her, as it was a Fault committed before he knew her, that she would make, in every Respect, the very best of Wives ; and that he should have no Cause to repent his generous Pardon. The good Gentleman, moved with her Tears and Promises, and besides, that he dearly loved her, with a Mixture of manly Tendernefs, and prudent Reflections that her Crime was prior to their Marriage, and that it was not now exposed by any Imprudence of her's, and there being no Witness of its Publication but themselves, he raised her up from her Knee, took her in his Arms, embraced her, and freely forgave her, upon Condition that her stupid boobily Brother should be instantly turned out of the House, and never suffered to come there again. This was immediately granted, and put in Execution the next Minute. And thus was *Ralph's* Fortune made all at once.

Wit by Chance : Or, the Blunderer.

*His Wit was sent him for a Token,
But in the Carr'age crack'd and broken.*

Hud.

I Have, in my Preface to this Work, presented my Readers with one Example of a good Story being absolutely spoiled or destroyed in the telling :
But

But Mr. *Busb*, in the following short Story, is either so great a Wit, or else so great a Stranger to it, that as it flowed upon him by mere Chance, so he likewise destroyed it as accidentally by his Ignorance.

A young Gentleman, whose Name was *Busb*, being one Day in the Fields with two or three more young Fellows of his Acquaintance, they happened to be caught in a Shower of Rain, which obliged them to run to a large thick Hedge for Shelter. While they stood there, a young Lady ran by them, for the same Reason; but not chusing to stop where they were, my Friend *Busb* calls after her, Hold! hold! my Dear, don't go any farther; you had better stay here, and take Shelter under a *Busb*. At which, his Companions cried out, Well said, *Jack*! Egad, that's the best Thing we ever heard come out of thy Mouth. Mr. *Busb* was indeed very well pleased with their Applause, but did not know exactly wherein this smart Wit, which they were so praising, consisted. And yet, he believed, as they said, that he had spoken a very fine Thing, and therefore he resolved it should not die there. For being that Night at Supper with some of his Relations, the Subject of their Conversation chanced to turn upon the different Genius and Capacities of Mankind; how ready-witted some were, and how dull others. Egad, cries Mr. *Busb*, that's very true; for I was walking in the Fields To-day with some Gentlemen, and the Devil a one of them said a good Thing all the Time but myself; and one smart Thing I said in particular, which all of them swore they never heard a better. What was it? demands one of the Company. Why, replies Mr. *Busb*, when we were in the Fields To-day, you must know, we were caught on a sudden in a hard Shower of Rain; and while we stood under a great Tree that kept the Wet from us, a young Lady happened to run full drive by us. Upon which I called out to her, Hold! hold! my Dear, you had better stay here, and take Shelter under a Hedge. And Egad, they all swore they never heard a better Thing spoke.

The Lady non-suited.

*He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know it, he is not robb'd at all.*

Shakesp. Othello.

IT is most certain, that though a Person, who possesses more than he really has an Occasion for, should be plundered of some Part of his Superfluity, and not miss it, yet his not wanting what is stolen, does not take from the Demerit of the Thief, or make his Crime one Jot the less; and, in this Case, which is exactly the same that the Poet has supposed in the above Motto, the Abettor, whom Nature and the Laws of God and Man had entrusted this Charge or Treasure with, by suffering it to be rifled and dishonoured with Facility and Consent, was a thousand Times more worthy Blame and Punishment than the other, who could not have succeeded in the villainous Attempt, but by the voluntary Concurrence of the latter. But, beware of Lawyers! here the Reader will find, that instead of Punishment, the very Thief himself, by an artful and metaphorical Turn, acquired both a Benefit and Applause from the very Person whom he had treacherously injured, and from whom he deserved the severest Correction.

Mr. *Latitat*, an Attorney at Law, who had an agreeable and merry Lady to his Wife, kept, as a Clerk, one Mr. *Quibble*, who was a very likely and sprightly young Fellow, and whom Mrs. *Latitat* very soon became greatly enamoured with; so that she took all suitable Opportunities to let Mr. *Quibble* see what a Regard she had for him; and, at the same Time, undoubtedly, was as cautious to keep it from any Body else: But he had not lived with them above six Months, when it happened, that in one of the vacant Seasons, Mr. *Latitat*'s Affairs called him a little
Way

Way out of Town, for three or four Days, and having but this one Clerk to attend and do his Business, Mrs. *Latitat* and he had the Pleasure of dining and supping together uninterrupted, during his Absence; but, whether it was the first or second Day after he was gone out of Town, that the following Dispute happened between them, I cannot say, nor is that very material; but, one Night, as those Lovers were sitting together, and exchanging amorous Hints and Glances with each other, their Discourse happened to turn upon the Power of Continenence in human Nature; I mean the Continenence of the Flesh. Mr. *Quibble* maintained, that (with no Disparagement to his Manhood) he could lie in Bed, a whole Night, with the finest Woman in the World, and not offer to touch her, if he was so minded. Mrs. *Latitat* was of the contrary Opinion, and the Argument at length was carried on so obstinately on each Side, that they began to talk of waging some Bet upon it; and, by-and-bye, to the no great Dissatisfaction of the Lady, Mr. *Quibble* insinuated a Proposal to put it to the Proof; and, after some small Time spent on this Subject, they found, by their Manner of arguing, that they perfectly understood one another, and this was a fine Opportunity to experience a Trial, which was accordingly agreed on; and likewise, that the whole Process should be carried on without any further Notice or Opposition from either Side, or the Help of any confederate Assistance; so that this very Night was to prove the Point now in Dispute. And the better to inforce and try the utmost Power of his Virtue, Mrs. *Latitat* offered to lay him a Guinea he would not prove his Argument to hold good to the Expiration of the first Hour, on Trial, and much less the whole Night. This was readily agreed to; and also, that such a Minute he should steal to her Bed-chamber, and she would be there, ready to try the utmost of his Resolution.

All this was punctually observed by both Parties; and now we may very well suppose them to be in Bed together. But I should here inform my Reader, that
my

my Friend *Quibble*, (according to the customary Tricks and Quirks of his Profession) before he went into Bed, thought of a very odd Fancy, whereby he might cast or nonsuit his unwary Mistress; and which was this: He took his Garter, and tied it under his Shirt, round the Middle of his Waist, and when he was got into Bed, he laid himself upon his Back, as flat as a Flounder, and streight as an Arrow, and then wishing the Lady a good Night, soon after affected to fall asleep. When he had lain about Half an Hour, without speaking one Word, or offering to move one Limb, the Lady began to conjecture, that Nature had made a Mistake in her Bedfellow's Sex, and had certainly left him deficient. Possessed with that Fancy, she begins gently to jog him a little, but finding him not at all inclining to stir, she then proceeded a little rougher with him: He not yet answering her Expectation, and she concluding to herself, that by this Time he was really asleep, she resolved to be better satisfied, as touching her present Suggestion; and so, putting her Hand softly upon his Belly, she happened to move the Garter a little higher than where he had placed it. Upon which, he immediately tacked about, and soon convinced her that he had not been asleep at all.

So that, now we may imagine they proceeded to join Issue; and, supposing them to have passed the Night to both their Satisfaction, we shall instantly come to the deciding of the Point in Dispute. They both of them insisted the next Day, that each had gained the Cause; that is, I mean, had won the Wager. Mr. *Latitat* insisted on the Guinea from Mr. *Quibble*; and he declared, that unless she paid him one, he would move the Cause into another Court, and leave the Case to his Master. But she laughed at the Proposition, and defied him to proceed in that Court. Mr. *Quibble* declared solemnly, that unless she paid him the Guinea, and would allow her Wager lost, he would actually keep his Word. Accordingly, she having no Regard to such a Declaration, the young Lawyer, after his Master came Home,

Home, actually brought his Process: And, as they were all at Dinner together, he made another Demand of the Debt before he proceeded any further. Madam, says he to his Mistress, will you pay me the Guinea that you lost with me when my Master was out of Town? Or, shall I give you Notice of Trial, and leave it to him to decide? The Lady, quite confounded at such an unexpected Proposition, was struck in a Moment as though she was deaf and dumb. Mr. Latitat, seeing her a good deal discomposed, demanded what the Wager was? Why, Sir, replies the Clerk, the Wager was for a Guinea, which I am sure I have fairly won, although my Mistress here will not allow it; and this, Sir, is the Case: Suppose you and I, Sir, have each of us a Piece of Pasture Ground that lies contiguous, and there is no Fence between them. Now, Sir, I have an Occasion to put my Horse to grass immediately, but as we have no Fence or Partition erected, I hitch my Horse fast in my own Pasture, to prevent his straying; but, in the Night, Sir, you yourself come into my Ground, and unhitch him: he being loose, Sir, strays directly into your Ground. Now, Sir, if this can be proved, that you came there yourself, and loosed my Horse, has he, in Law, committed any Trespass? No, no, quoth Mr. Latitat, not in the least! It is I that am guilty of the Trespass. Look you there now, Madam! says the Clerk, now I hope you will allow, I have fairly won the Guinea. Ay, ay! cries Mr. Latitat, pr'ythee give the Man the Guinea; for I assure thee thou art fairly Non-suited. Upon which, the Lady immediately paid the Money; and replied to her Husband, that, it was her Opinion, if she could have explained the Truth of the Case with as much Art as Mr. Quibble had done, he would not have given the Cause so easily again her.

The

The Jew Bilk'd, and doubly Bilk'd.

A NOVEL.

*Quoth he, to bid me not to love,
Is to forbid my Pulse to move,
My Beard to grow, my Ears to prick up,
Or, when I'm in a Fit, to hick-up:
Command me to piss out the Moon,
And'twill as easily be done.* Hud.

THOUGH it be quite uncustomary to put a Motto at the Head of a Novel, yet this being a proper Saying for my good Jew, and being willing to pursue the same Method all through this Work with which I have began, I have ventured to take this Liberty. And therefore, without further Ceremony, I shall proceed to give it, as follows :

Mr. *Lovemore*, a young Gentleman of a pretty little Estate, and Son to a very rich Merchant, fell in Love with *Narcissa*, a very beautiful young Lady, but little or no Fortune: And in some little time after marry'd her. But his Father was so disgusted at the Match, that he resolved not to give him a Guinea; and vow'd he would disinherit him for marrying without his Consent. Many of *Lovemore's* Friends labour'd to reconcile the old Gentleman to them, by all the Arguments they possibly could, but to no Purpose. So that the amorous Bridegroom had nothing but the Love of his charming and dear *Narcissa* to support him under this unfortunate Disgrace. However, the Wedding being over, and he Master of about 400 *l.* per Ann. that was left him by an Uncle, he resolved to taste of all the Pleasures that Life and his little Fortune could bestow. He, therefore, set up his Chariot, and began to shew away in a very elegant and splended Manner. Even far beyond his Affordings; so that, in a small Time they had spun out their Thread, very near as far as their Fleece would

would go. But now Fortune favoured their Loves, and turned them up a Card, which set them upon their Legs again, for Life. And which happened as follow :

Narcissa being one Night at some public Place of Entertainment, one Mr. *Zorobabel*, a prodigious rich Jew, happening to fix his Eyes upon her's, he was not able to stand the Force of their Fire ; but immediately felt himself begin to melt apace. So that after some Reflection, he concluded to himself, that whether she was married or not, the Puissance of his Purse was sufficient to attempt any thing of that Sort ; and, therefore, taking Courage, though he knew that his own circumcised Person was none of the beautifullest, he very complaisantly addressed some Discourse to her. Which *Narcissa*, not in the least guessing his amorous Intentions, answered with a pleasant and easy Freedom ; and which the Jew took for a very great Omen. From this Night, the old inflam'd Leacher began to place his Spies. And took all the Opportunity he could to follow her to all public Places, except at Church, and endeavoured to entertain her with his unchristian-like Addresses. And it was some Time before *Narcissa* had any Suspicion of his Designs. But now, conceiving his Purpose, and being willing to be satisfied of the Truth of her Conjecture, she began to be less reserved ; and to converse more freely with him : Which gave him an Opportunity of declaring himself, and soon discovered to her the whole Scheme. And which as my Reader will find, did not afford her a trifling Satisfaction ; for she determined not only to encourage his intense Flame, but also to make some very good Diversion with him. And accordingly when she came Home, she, with a good deal of pleasant Raillery, acquaints her Husband with the Advances of his powerful Rival, her new Devotee. And at the same Time, intimated to him, her Desire of carrying on the Scene. To which he assented : And they diverted themselves with their Conceit of the Humour, and the odd and ridiculous Behaviour
of

of the amorous *Zorobabel*, for some Time. And on the other Hand, the *Jew* considered, that, as the Lady had never yet once offered the least Affront towards him, nor ever forbid his Suit, she gave him room to hope he should very soon succeed in his Amour. But though *Narcissa* and her Husband had no other Views at first, than to tantalize him a little for their own Diversion; and to laugh, and amuse themselves with his ridiculous and coltish Actions; yet, to poor *Zoro's* Cost and Disgrace, their Purpose was soon changed; for one Day, they were telling the whole Affair to one Mr. *Wagish*, a young Gentleman, who was their intimate Friend and Acquaintance, and how the good *Jew* would sit and sigh! and ogle, and play all the pretty Monkey-tricks imaginable. *Wagish* had no sooner heard their Relation, being a Man of Wit and Spirit, but he was transported beyond Description: Which was partly occasioned by a Thought that instantly took Possession in his Brain. And therefore in order to improve the present Prospect to their Advantage, he delivered himself as follows.

Egad! *Jack*, I could tell you how this Affair might be managed to your very great Interest. And as I know very well, if you will excuse my Freedom, that Affairs, will by-and-bye, be but very indifferent with you, except you can make it up with your Father, I do not think it can be any Crime to overreach this old liquorish *Israelite*. And Egad! I have a Thought come into my Head, that, were it well manag'd, it would make a Man of thee for ever. — How, pr'ythee? cries *Lowemore*, — Explain thyself. — Why, replies *Wagish*, addressing himself to *Narcissa*, it must depend wholly upon you, Madam; if you can have Resolution and Courage enough, to put my Scheme into Execution, I would really try what I could make of him. The *Jews* are a People that make no Conscience in buying and selling the whole World: And who substitute all Prospects whatsoever, and all Thoughts to that of Lucre. And therefore, the Crime will be less, if there be any

any in it, in making a Reprisal upon him. Besides, his Attempts are dishonourable, unwarrentable and unlawful, to the last Degree. I would therefore, carry on the Farce with all the Resolution, Secrecy, and Art that is possible. First, Madam, I would give him great Encouragement, to raise in him an insupportable Desire ; then get a good round Sum from him, and afterwards bilk him. And Egad ! *Jack*, he can spare Money ; and thou, I am sure, want it. If thy good Spouse here and thyself have but Courage enough, you may easily manage Things to your Wish. And with that unsuspected Art may you proceed, as even to admit him by Appointment, to your Bed. And you, *Jack*, being posted in a proper Place, and, at a certain Signal given by *Narcissa*, may instantly rush in upon them, with a Witness or two with you ; and so wind up the Plot to your Desire. You immediately counterfeit a Rage ! *Narcissa* begs for Mercy ; the *Jew*, in the utmost Surprise and Despair, offers you your own Terms. And so, you make your Market. If the old Adulterer should not purpose a Satisfaction equal to your Wish ; why then, you have it still in your Power to force him to it : Enter your Action at Common Law ; it is but you and your Spouse's parting, till the Issue is decided : and then, your generous Forgiveness and mutual Continuance unravels the Plot, opens the Eyes of the Spectators, and takes off all the Odium from your Lady's Reputation. From this, the *Jew*, as being a very heinous Transgressor, by his villainous Attempt, is very justly turned the Subject of their Laughter : And all the Town will applaud your Justice, Courage, and Conduct ; and rejoice at your Success. And now I would have you both reflect upon it, and also consider the Consequences of your neglecting it. You both love one another ; have lived pretty fast ; your Income but small ; and that, I am certain too, is reduced ; excuse my Freedom. I must now speak my Mind, and depend upon your Friendship, your Father's not reconciled ; and much to be doubted if he ever will ; your Creditors, by-and-bye,

bye, will grow impatient, and you being not able to satisfy them, Ruin immediately follows : This Scheme may, if properly managed, prevent all this, and raise you up to a happy Independency : And, if it is in my Power to assist you, in any Respect, you may command me. But I must remind you of this ; remember, *Jack*, you want Money ; the *Jew* has enough to spare, and his rascally Attempt deserves no less a Punishment than I have hinted to you. And I say, again, do you regard the Opportunity.

When Mr. *Waggish* had ended what he had to say, *Lovemore* and his Wife began to look at one another very gravely, as though they would ask each other's Thoughts on this Subject, with their Eyes only. At length the Husband broke Silence, and asked his beloved *Narcissa*, what she thought of it ? Who answered with some Confusion, after a little Pause, that, she was at a loss what to say to it. And that she thought it was a Subject of too great a Concern to be answered without Consideration.

Well, to whet their Appetites, and give them a better Relish to the Banquet he had invited them to, Mr. *Waggish* gives them a second Lesson to the same Purpose, though, with some few new Arguments ; and then, taking his Leave, left them to reflect upon the whole.

So, after they had scrutinized a little into the Affair between themselves ; and weighed the Arguments of their Friends, as above related, Pro and Con, in the strictest Manner, that the Circumstances on each Side would possibly admit of, they determined, if possible, to put it in Execution. Accordingly, the next Night, she being at the Play, happened to meet with her devoted *Zoro* there, and gave him an Opportunity of having some private Discourse with her. Which happy Interval transported him beyond Imagination ; and very am'rous he was, both in his Eyes and Tongue. At length, when the Play was over, he humbly demanded of her, if she was going directly home ? And she answering in the Affirmative, he very politely offered her his Service to squire her out ;

out ; and she ordering her Servant to get her a Chair, he also complimented her with the Offer of his Coach to set her down ; which she, not absolutely refusing, he immediately conducted her to it. And this was a Happiness he could hardly expect : But however, as Fortune is sudden in her Favours, as well as her Frowns, she here smiled upon him, tho' with a very deceitful Eye ; as my Reader may suppose, from what has been already said. When he was got into the Coach with her, he found himself so pregnant with Love and Adoration, that it was impossible for him to hold out any longer ; and therefore, with all the Eloquence he was Master of, he endeavoured with his Tongue to unfold all that his Eyes had strove to say before. And vowed and swore a thousand tender Things. Amongst the rest in order to sound her Inclination on that Head he endeavoured to express how much he lamented her being a married Woman : And was it not for that, as fearing her Husband's knowing or Disapprobation of it, he would be bold to offer her a Present, if she would vouchsafe to accept it, worthy of her wearing. Or, otherwise, if she would pleased to purchase it herself, and keep it for his Sake, he would most humbly entreat her to accept of a Bank Note, for that Purpose : and to lay it out in some to her own Liking.

To this, she returned him such a kind of Answer as filled the old Cormorant with great Hopes, Raptures, and Expectations. So out he lugs his Pocket-Case, and presented her with a Piece of Paper, worth an hundred Pounds ; declaring, at the same Time, that were he Master of the whole World, he should desire no greater Blessing with it, than for to share it with her. And if that her angelic Goodness would interpret that small Present as not unwelcome from his Hands, who really loved her beyond Expression, he should always not only remember her Goodness, but would also make it his Study to reward her Kindness. With such a low sniffling Cant as this he entertained her all the while they were in the Coach together.

As soon as they came to the Lady's Door, and the Servant had beat his Trevally upon it, *Love-more*, being at Home before her, came to receive his Spouse; when seeing she was come Home in a strange Gentleman's Coach, he presently conjectured whose it was, and went immediately and handed her out of it; but she tipping him the Wink, addressed him thus: My Dear, I have been To-night at the Play, and not being able to get a Chair, this Gentleman was so kind as to set me down with his Coach, or else, I don't know how I should have got Home. Here *Love-more* returned him his very unfeigned Thanks, and desired he would walk in and drink a Glass of Wine with him, which, after some Intreaty, the *Jew* consented to; and after drinking a Glass or two, and chatting some little Time about indifferent Things, upon a further Invitation, he staid and supped with them. But, during the whole Time they were at Supper, the poor flaming *Zorobabel* could not keep his piercing Eyes off those of the charming *Narcissa*. And when she chanced to exchange a Glance (which she frequently did on Purpose) the sudden Radiance was cast upon him with such a heavenly Smile, as was almost too exquisite for him to endure. All this was carelessly observed by *Love-more*; and which gave him much inward Satisfaction, as well as Diversion: For, it must certainly be very entertaining to an indifferent Spectator, to see an old, swarthy, blear-eyed Leacher, rolling his blinking Eyes, champing and licking his blubber Lips, and acting, with all the affected Effeminence imaginable, the insipid and ridiculous Airs of a conceited boyish Lover. Such was now our inflamed *Zorobabel*. After Supper was over, and the Cloth taken away, whether it was the Effect of her Hundred-pound Note, or, whether she was transported with the lively Company of her charming *Zoro*, I cannot tell; but so it was, that the agreeable *Narcissa* was in so musical a Mood, that she could not avoid shewing it, by several low Kind of Flourishes, with her skilful and melodious Voice, which indeed was excessive

cessive sweet. This her Husband taking Notice of, (in order to entertain his generous new Guest in the most agreeable Manner he could) begged of her to oblige him with a Song. She replied, perhaps, it may not be agreeable to Mr. *Zorobabel*. But, being assured by him of the contrary, (for this Reply of her's he took for a promising Compliment) and he also soliciting for the same Favour, she demanded, what Song she should sing? Which being left to her own Election, she replied, my Dear, if it will be agreeable, I'll give you that which you made, and complimented me with, the Day after our Wedding-Night. Mr. *Zorobabel*, said she, turning to the *Jew*, you must know, that Mr. *Love-more* is a Poet, now and then, and I am going to give you a Specimen of his Works. Here she presented them with the following Air, which she sung in a most delightful and excellent Manner.

Tune, *To plain dear Youth.*

I.

WHEN fair *Narcissa* first appear'd,
 (Her Eyes no Star more bright)
 Eager I gaz'd! But yet I fear'd
 To approach their dazzling Light!
 I stood and sigh'd, while in my Breast
 A thousand *Cupids* play'd;
 There round my Heart they wove a Nest,
 And plac'd this charming Maid

II.

I felt the little flutt'ring Things,
 In wanton Sports employ'd;
 And while they wav'd their fanning Wings,
 A thousand Thoughts convey'd!
 At length, I spoke; she, with a Smile,
 Rewarded all my Pain;
 As both our Hearts were free from Guile,
 She plighted Love again.

III. With

III.

With pleasing Flames our Bosoms glow,

Narcissa's all my Care ;

Our mutual Loves by Nature flow,

To each an equal Share :

When she is gay, I too am pleas'd ;

When she is sad, I mourn ;

Our Hearts alike are sympathiz'd,

In equal Moods we burn.

During all the Time of *Narcissa's* Performance in singing this Song, the enamoured *Zorobabel's* Eyes twinkled and sparkled like those of an old blind Mastiff, when half asleep and half awake ; and his Chops so watered at her, that he could not keep his Mouth from running over. The Poetry was so palpably expressed by her, and the Music of the Tune managed so ravishingly, that she effectually blew up all the amorous Fire in his Breast, until it was well nigh bursting into a public Blaze. And as she frequently addressed her Looks and Actions to him while she sung it, he took it for granted, that many Compliments which were expressed in the Song, were directed to him ; and returned them to her, by a thousand insinuating and ridiculous Looks and Gestures ; and likewise, after the Song was ended, by a Number of Encomiums on her musical Voice and Judgment. Thus they spent the Remainder of that Night, and Part of next Morning, when the poor enslaved *Jew* returned Home a thousand Times more in Love than ever. After this, *Narcissa* informed her Husband of all that had passed between the *Jew* and she that Night, not forgetting the Bank Note. In about a Day or two after, *Zorobabel* made an Excuse to call again, on Pretence of some very strange News he had received Intelligence of, from some remote Part of the Globe. Either *Constantinople* was removed into the *Indies*, or the Dominions of the *Mogul* were brought into *Spain* ; or, some such new-invented Stuff. But what incoherent Shape or Air will not love put on to favour its Attempts ?

This

This Visit being made about ten o'Clock in the Morning, he now staid and breakfasted with them ; that is, he drank a Dish or two of their Tea, &c. After some Time, talking of many indifferent Things, the *Jew* happened to fall into a Digression on the Taste of *Narcissa's* China ; and she saying, that she was very fond of good China, Love had so opened his Heart, and relaxed the Strings of his Purse, that he told her, if she would please to accept of it, he would make her a Present of a Set of China to her own Taste, whenever she pleased. To which she replied, China is a Kind of Furniture that I was always fond of ; tho', indeed, at present, we have but little. But, if Mr. *Love*more will give me Leave, I'll now take you at your Word, and thank you too.

To this *Love*more answered, with all my Heart, my Dear : If Mr. *Zorobabel* has a Mind to make you a Present of a Set of China, you shall not say that I deprived you of it. Thank you, my Dear, replied *Narcissa*, then, Mr. *Zorobabel*, I'll try your Generosity, and accept of your Offer, when you please. Nay, Madam, answered the *Jew*, you shall chuse them yourself, and I'll attend you, when you please, to pay for them. O Sir ! replies she, there's no Time like the present. With all my Heart, Madam, returned the *Jew*, I am ready to make good my Word. So, after she had caparisoned herself, as she thought proper, into the *Jew's* Coach they went, and drove away for the City, to the inexpressible Joy of our good Fleishmonger, *Zorobabel*, who was now resolved neither to spare Cost or Pains to accomplish his vicious Ends. And accordingly, they were no sooner got from *Love*more's Door, than our Friend *Zoro* drew up both the Blinds of the Coach, and began to squeeze *Narcissa* by the Hand, and to expound his Passion for her in the most pathetic and moving Manner he was capable of. To all which, *Narcissa* took a special Care not to give him too much Room to hope, nor otherwise to despair, but rather seemed to understand it all as Gallantry and Romance. And which Conduct absolutely answered her End : For it heightened

heightened his Desire, and urged on his Passion a thousand Times the more. And the stronger to convince her that his Love for her was sincere, he would not content himself with purchasing for her a China Equipage for Tea and Coffee only, but also, since she was fond of China, he must present her with a Set sufficient to furnish out a large Table for two Courses, and a Disert; with Dishes, Plates, and Sauce-boats, all compleat; the whole Purchase amounting to above one hundred Guineas; for which kind Gift, *Narcissa* expressed a very sensible Obligation, declaring she would never forget his Generosity. This Confession of her's the *Jew* thought looked too favourable to pass unregarded; and the present Opportunity appeared too precious to be wasted. Therefore, the China being paid for, and directed to be sent to *Lowmore's* House directly, the *Jew* and *Narcissa* entered again their Coach; when he proposed, and urged to her all the Arguments he could to persuade her to go with him to his own House, and there to view his Collection, which he assured her was a very good one, and that she should be welcome to any Thing she should there happen to like. But this Bait would by no Means take. She, to that Request, urged Reputation, and the Hazard she should thereby run of being observed, and its coming to her Husband's Ears. Upon which he declined that Point, but took this for a downright Confession of her Love, and therefore begged Leave to aspire to her Lips, to which she gave him but very little Repulse. This transporting Rapture blew him up indeed! For now he became quite distracted with Desire, and his Passion was by no Means to be restrained. His Fortune, nay, his Life, was now too little to hazard for the Prize. His Soul, his Heart, his whole Estate, all were at her Command. And would she but return his Love, he, and all that belonged to him, was at her Disposal. Finding him thus ripe in his Folly, *Narcissa* reflected, that since she had, at her Husband's Request, undertaken this disagreeable Task, this now was a Crisis, which, if
slipped,

slipped, might not be recovered, and therefore, to prove her Resolution and Fortitude, she resolved, with all the Prudence and Caution she was Mistress of, to improve it to her best Advantage, and then to leave it to her Husband's Discretion hereafter. So that, at length, when the importunate *Zoro* addressed again, the Vehemence of his ardent Passion, she managed him so artfully, by the following Discourse, while they still sat in the Coach together, that she gained from him a most masterly and significant Point. Sir, said she, you have made me a most solemn Declaration of your unfeigned Love and Constancy, and you have given me some Reason, by the two considerable Presents you have made, to believe that what you have advanced may really be true; but you'll be pleased to consider, that what I am going to say to you may deserve the most serious and weighty Regard. Suppose my Desire or Gratitude, or both, should incline me to favour your Request, what, Sir, must be the Consequence of such an Assent? Putting out of the Question the Heinousness of the Sin, which, by the Laws of God and Man, is capital and deadly; and which Thought is sufficient to stagger any unthinking Person with unutterable Apprehension; yet this, to me, is not so terrible as the following Occurrences. Mr. *Lovemore*, who is one of the best of Men, married me without the least Prospect of any Portion with me; by which Means he has disoblinded the best of Fathers, who had it in his Power to have possessed him of a very plentiful Fortune, which he certainly would have done, had he married with his Consent. And tho' Mr. *Lovemore's* Income, at present, is not very considerable, yet, to me, it is the same as though it was four Times as great: For he is so good, that he never debars me either of Pleasure, or any Thing else, that I think proper to ask for. But as he took me without a Fortune, so I married him with a Settlement. And therefore, if he should by any Means discover my Amour with you, I should not only deserve his Hate, forfeit my whole Reputation, and be

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despised

despised by all my own and his Relations, but should also be in Danger of perishing for Want. Fortune I have none of my own; Settlement I have none; nor any Dependence of any to come; and to be cast off by the whole World, in the utmost Poverty and Indigence, what must become of me? Though I should love you as perfectly as Mr. *Lovemore* now doats on me, what could that avail me? You, Sir, after Enjoyment, might serve me, as my Husband and the rest of the World had done before, forsake me with Loathing and Contempt. Yes! even though for you I had hazarded and suffered all this; plunged from a State of Plenty, Happiness and Content, to that of Indigence, Misery and Contempt. These, Sir, are Reflections sufficient to check the warmest Inclinations, and conquer such Desires.

All the while *Narcissa* was making this probable Discourse, the conscientious *Jew* could hardly contain his Transport; for he took it as a plain Confession of her Love, and concluded within himself, that nothing would deter her from granting his Desire, but her want of a future Provision, for Fear that she should be discovered and discarded by her Husband. And therefore he resolved, that if this Conjecture was right, he would immediately remove that Impediment. And, in doing of which, he should likewise inform himself, how well or ill his present Hopes were grounded. So being now resolved to gain her, if possible, at any Rate, he replies to her as follows:

My dear Madam! you seem to be under very dreadful Apprehensions, should you grant me a Return of Love, least I might forsake you, and plunge you into a State of Misery and Want; but, to convince you of the contrary, I will, this Hour, if you gratify my Request, present you with a Sufficiency to maintain you genteelly, and independent of the whole World, so long as you live. Pray, Sir, replies *Narcissa*, explain yourself. Why, my dear Angel, answered the *Jew*, if you grant me the blessed Pleasure of Enjoyment, I will, this Day, if it can be done,

done, however, To-morrow at farthest, make a Transfer to you, and to your sole Use, for ever, of 100*l. per Annum*, capital Stock, in any of the public Funds you shall chuse, which will cost me five or six and twenty hundred Pounds. And if it should ever happen that your Husband should by any Means part with you, I will then double this Income to you for Life, and you shall want for nothing that this World can give. All I shall ever ask of you is your Love; and I would purchase it with all that Life and Wealth is worth.

Here *Narcissa* paused for some Time, while the *Jew* still pursued his Arguments. At length, she replied, Sir, I cannot but say you are very deserving of my Love, and all that I can ever do to serve and oblige you. And since you have been so generous as to make me this Proposal, if you will make good your Word, and settle this Transfer upon me, according to your own Offer, I will fix a Time to give you all the Satisfaction that is in my Power. Mr. *Lovemore*, continued she, goes out of Town next Week, for some Time, and then, if you will leave the whole Matter to me, I will dedicate the Interval of his Absence entirely to your Pleasure. And, at which Time, we will settle Affairs the best we can for the future.

At this gracious Assurance, the ravished *Zorobabel* flew to her Lips, and almost suffocated her with his odious Embrace; vowing, by the mighty *Jehovah*, that he would go and employ a Broker to make the Settlement that Afternoon; and the next Day, if she would meet him, she should see it settled, and carry back with her the Receipt for it. And that it should be made over in her own Name, and to be disposed of for ever, as she should hereafter think proper. To this she consented; and, according to his Appointment, she met him the next Day at the same China Shop, about four o'Clock in the Afternoon. This being concluded and finished, according to their Agreement the Day before, she promised him a faithful Place in her Memory. And vowed, by all the

Joys of Love, to inform him instantly of her Husband's Departure, as soon as he was set forth upon his Journey. And all Things seeming now to their mutual Satisfaction, the transported *Jew* took an amorous Kiss, as Earnest of his Bargain, and so they parted.

When the charming and artful *Narcissa* came Home, and had told her dear Husband of all that had passed, as above, let my judicious Readers suppose, or guess, if they can, their mutual Rejoicings; and particularly, *Love-more's* unspeakable Approbation of his *Narcissa's* good Conduct: They reflected, and talked over again and again all that their Friend *Wagish* had advanced upon that Subject, and especially concerning the *Jew's* unwarrantable and villainous Attempts, and their own Prospect of approaching Necessity. So that, after debating and arguing the Matter as deliberately as they could between them, they found the History, in short, was justly painted in the very Colours that *Wagish* had presented it; and therefore, they determined to execute his Plan, with very little Alterations.

Accordingly, the next Day, *Narcissa* ratified her Promise, by meeting with the *Jew*; and when he actually fulfilled his liberal Engagement to her that he had made the Day before, by possessing her of five and twenty hundred Pounds, capital Stock, in new *South-Sea* Annuities, which, at 4 *per Cent. per Annum*, amounts to just one hundred Pounds: And, which was just the Sum he had promised. After this important Act was finished, she had no Room to deny drinking a single Glass of Wine with him; so into a Tavern the generous and impatient *Jew* conducts her, where, after some free Confabulations together, he fain would have taken Possession of that *small Spot* he had just, as he thought, paid for. But, alack-a-day! there was a World of Impediments to go through before that could be accomplished, *viz.* the Seller had no Right nor Authority to dispose of it, and consequently could make over no good Title to the Purchaser. And as the true Owner had taken Possession,

Possession, we may suppose, he must first be ejected out by Law, before another had any Right to come in. Besides, he being advised of all these Truths before, it must be incurring a Preliminary, and committing a vile and treacherous Seduction, in attempting to purloin, by Bribery, the Property of another, out of the Hands of the Trustee; and thereby, contriving and abetting the most scandalous and effectual Breach of Trust. These, and many other Points, might certainly be urged against him. But the unshaken and trusty *Narcissa*, looking upon herself as only a Kind of Game keeper or Warrener to that dear and worthy Lord of her Manor, Mr. *Lovemore*, resolved, that no Poacher should have Sanction from her, either to hunt, course, fire or fish in any of her Bounds, Parks, Warrens or Rivulets. So that, could our good *Jew* but have known her Heart, he would now have found himself in a very indifferent Condition, though not in so bad a one as my Reader will find him presently.

Narcissa, in order to stagnate his present Solicitation, began the approaching Opportunity they should have of gaining all they wished when Mr. *Lovemore* was gone out of Town; and (more than he expected) assured him that she had gained over her own Maid to their Assistance. So that he might come and be secure in her own House, without the least Danger of giving the Neighbours any Suspicion of her, either by her going out, or coming in. And added, that if ever her Husband should come to hear any Thing of it, or suspect her, she should now be easier in her Mind; since his Goodness and Generosity had perfectly enabled her to live independent. At this Discourse of her's, the *Jew* was thoroughly satisfied, and contented himself with viewing those Pleasures he so much wished for, at that Distance, which she had been pleased to place them.

After they had settled Matters to their mutual Satisfaction, they parted for the present; and *Narcissa* being put into a Chair, and having given the *Jew* Assurance of her Love and Fidelity, returned to give

her dear *Love-more* a History of this last Adventure ; which she had scarce began to relate, when their good Friend and constant Adviser, Mr. *Wagish*, knocked at the Door ; and to whom she related all that had passed since his last Visit. And assured him, that if he had not come so opportunely, they must of Necessity have sent for him ; since he, by the friendly Offer he had made, was by them fixed upon to assist them in the Performance of the last Act of this, his own Plan, which, being now debated by them, and thoroughly adjusted, was executed as follows :

The next Week, according as she had promised the *Jew*, *Love-more* and his Friend *Wagish*, with each of them a Servant, mounted their Horses, and went out of Town, purposely to make *Narcissa's* Words good, but indeed not far. For they dined at *Barnet*, and, in short, forgot to go any further. And being both of them conveyed to a proper Place, they waited there in utter Silence, and were mute Witnesses of what passed between *Narcissa* and the *Jew*. For I must here observe, that they were no sooner set out on their long Journey, but the *Jew* had Intelligence of it, and by the same Message the Hour was appointed for his happy Visit. But before that Hour was come, *Love-more* and his Friend were returned, and occupied their designed Ambuscade, where they saw and heard the amorous *Zorobabel* and his divine *Narcissa* play their happy Scene of Love. But it was not, indeed, acted in that Manner which the *Jew* desired, for she very artfully kept him off, with a Promise of future Bliss, which she now limited as no farther off than the next Night, and then he was to gather that rich Harvest he had laboured so industriously for. But the present Visit was intended by the Confederates, only to whet his Desires the keener, and so to tantalize and mortify him. And though Vengeance was preparing for him, they were willing to indulge their Spleen a little, by shewing him some glimmering and distant Views of that Bliss he hoped for ; and then, by a Trick of Machinery, when the wished-for Minute was come, to convince him, by

Example

Example, that what we often call the Frowns or Strokes of Fate and Fortune, are no more than the Contrivances and Caprice of Mankind.

When the Hour of eleven arrived, and the *Jew* found there was nothing farther to be done that Night, being buoyed up with the Hopes of the next Night's Bliss, after a great deal of silly Stuff had passed between them, took his Leave, and made Room for *Love*more and *Wagish* to appear; when they all diverted themselves with their Repetition, Remarks and Animadversions of the *Jew*'s ridiculous and childish Behaviour, which I shall take no farther Notice of here, but pass on to give my Reader the finishing Account.

The impatient *Zorobabel* was punctual to the Hour appointed next Evening; when he found his charming *Narcissa* in an Undress, waiting to receive him, and give him all his Soul desired. The House was clear and still, and not a Creature to be seen but themselves, and trusty Mrs. *Tippet*, who was in the very Heart of the Secret: So that now no Time was to be lost, but every Moment dedicated to the inexhaustible Pleasures of Love. The Lady withdrew to prepare herself for Bed; and the transported *Israelite* was delivered into the Hands of the Maid, who was ordered to pilot him to the happy Bed of Bliss, which he was no sooner tumbled into, but she carried the agreeable News to *Narcissa*, who immediately entered the same Apartment like an Angel, all in white, as though, indeed, it had been her bridal Night, and she was then going to give up her delicate Charms to some beauteous and youthful Prince. As soon as he fixed his retrograde Eyes upon her, he was well nigh swooning away with excessive Rapture. His Heart began to feel strange Palpitations; his Optics flashed with new Fire; and his whole Frame was possessed of, and invaded by, Millions, if possible, of inexpressible Apprehensions, and ravishing Ideas. Her Air was exquisite; her Smiles heavenly; and her Attire so excellently inviting, that no Wonder the doating Elder was transported with the Sight. She,

without the least Affectation, threw off her upper Garment, and, with a Countenance full of Sweetness, addressed him thus: Now, Sir, I hope I shall soon convince you, that I ever intended to reward you according to your real Desert. A few Minutes, now, will prove how much I have it at Heart to please you. Here she immediately put the Candle out; which being done, she instantly undressed herself, and, putting on a Bed-gown, which was prepared there on Purpose, leaped into Bed to the amorous, transported and impatient *Zorobabel*, who that very Moment was arrived to the Summit of all his Expectations; for no sooner was he sensible of this vast, vast Pleasure! but, like the Phantom of all worldly Joys, it changed its Aspect, and vanished in a Moment. Jumping into Bed, we'll suppose too heedlessly and precipitate, she happened to drop or fling down upon the Boards, a large Bunch of Keys. When, at that very Instant, O dire Consequence! to their Shame, Disappointment, and Confusion! in rushed the incensed and injured *Lovemore*, and his Friend *Wagish*. And here, indeed, my Pen ought to stop; for how shall I attempt to describe what is not to be conceived? As soon as the Husband made his sudden and furious Sally upon them, booted and spurred, with a lighted Candle in one Hand, and a drawn Sword in the other, let my Reader judge the dreadful instantaneous Change and Condition of the *Jew*; especially, when he heard his intended Cuckold and abused Friend break out in the following Exclamation:

O thou pernicious and base Traytorefs! Is this a Return for all my Truth and Fondness? Is this the Reward you give me for Friends and Fortune lost? Is this the grateful Wages of my constant, dearest Love! of which, I thought I could never give too much? Nor ask enough! Oh, while I vainly imagined thy Heart was truly mine, the fancied Possession made me richer than all the World besides! To see thee smile, was a Sight that vied with that which we conceive of Paradise! But now, by thy present Pollution,

Pollution, thou hast not only totally annihilated the immense Worth of thy once-spotless Reputation! But hast also dragged down with it my own Honour, Peace of Mind, and all that is valuable and precious on this Side Heaven! Nor either Mines of Gold and Gems! Or all the Earth and Sea inherit, is, in the least, sufficient to make me Restitution. I am ruined past Redemption! And as thy vile Perfidy has dashed me beyond the Reach and Power of Words to save me; so likewise will I put it instantly out of the Power of this whole Earth to give thee another Hour of this vital Life! Or, hadst thou, thou wicked Adulteress! sell a Victim to the persuasive Charms and moving Eloquence of some powerful Youth, thou mightest claim some Pity; but to give thy beauteous Body to the loathsome Embraces of that lascivious Satyr! that rank, odious Goat! that ravenous Wolf in Sheep's Appearance! that nauseous Boar, who abominates all Swine's Flesh, but that of his own Carcase, it rends my Soul to think on thy Depravity. — And what canst thou say, said he to the *Jew*, thou damned Leatcher! thou second *Chartres*! Is this the Friendship you have so often vowed for me? And the Use you make of Confidence reposed? Die, thou damned Betrayer! and take the just Reward of this thy Falsehood. — Here he made a Lunge at the poor astonished *Jew*, who (from their first unexpected Entrance) was struck dumb with Horror and Amazement; but now, at this Motion of *Lowmore's*, his Panic was so dreadful, that he squalled out in such a hideous Shriek, which made the House shake with the dismal Yell. But when the inevitable Point of Death's keen Dart was springing (as he thought) towards him, the Blow was instantly prevented by the Hand of Mr. *Wagish*, who, that Moment seizing on *Lowmore's* Arms, wrenched his Sword from him, and then addressed him thus:

What would thou do, thou frantic, rash Man? Would thou ruin thy Soul and Body, to revenge thyself on two such false and treacherous Creatures,

who are fallen below Contempt, and from whom the Law will give thee ample Satisfaction? Leave them to their lewd Corruption; and seek thou a nobler Vengeance! Remember the calm Proceeding you promised me, when you received the first Intelligence of this their black Appointment. And though I grant the Abuse and Provocation to very great, yet since the Laws of the Realm will in some Measure make you a Restitution, let me advise you not to involve yourself in any hazardous Attempt. And I do insist upon it, that you immediately suffer this Gentleman to arise and dress himself, without the least Assault or Molestation. — Here *Lovemore* was just going to answer him; and with many outward Signs of dreadful Agitations; such as grinding his Teeth, shaking his Head, deep Sighs, and so forth; when *Wagish* laying hold of him, put him out of the Room, (seemingly almost by main Force) and after shutting the Door upon him, he demanded of the *Jew* to dress himself that Moment, which the poor disappointed and miserably frightened *Zorobabel* instantly complied with, uttering a Multitude of Thanks and Acknowledgments for his friendly and timely Interposition; and declaring he would not forget to make him some Amends for his Humanity. During this whole Scene, the charming and artful *Narcissa* was no inconsiderable Performer; for her Surprise, Tremblings, Tears, Intreaties, &c. seemed so natural for one in that Condition, and were expressed so feelingly, that the poor deceived *Jew* pitied her almost as much as himself. But being now dressed, he had not the Opportunity of even taking hardly a Farewel-Look of her. He was attended down Stairs, and safely conducted out of the House, by his Preserver, *Wagish*, with all the Expedition that might be. And no sooner was he without-side the Door, and had repeated his Thanks to his Conductor, but he set out, and made for Home, with all the Speed he was able. Then *Wagish* returning to *Lovemore* again, they held it not prudent that he should visit *Narcissa* any more that Night, nor even
give

give any of the Servants the least Room to suspect how the Plot lay. The upper Maid was intrusted with the Secret, in Behalf of her Mistress and the Jew, without the least Knowledge or Suspicion of the Cheat; and therefore, Mr. *Wagish* was impowered by *Lowmore* to give her the following Orders. That she should go directly to her Mistress, and give his Service to her, (i. e. Mr. *Wagish*'s) and inform her, that he had used his best Endeavour with Mr. *Lowmore* to make her a Visit, but without Success, For that he declared he would never come near her more: And moreover, that he was for discharging her from *Narcissa*'s Service that Night; but that he had prevailed upon him to the contrary, that she might comfort her Lady in the best Manner she could. And he hoped she would compose herself as much as possible for that Night, and the next Day he would wait on her, with the best News he could gather, and also do her all the Service that should be in his Power; but that he was afraid, in Spight of all his Endeavours to the contrary, that his Friend *Lowmore* would grow desperate, and make some rash and inconsiderate Attempt. And she might assure her Lady, that if he could prevail, he should not trust him out of his Company all that Night; by which Means he should, perhaps, be able to discover his future Intentions. And which, if he did, he would not fail to inform her of, the next Time he saw her.

As soon as Mrs. *Tippet* was dispatched with this Message to *Narcissa*, *Lowmore* and *Wagish* steered their Course to a Tavern, and after refreshing themselves with a Bottle, (where they further settled their Plan) they then went to Bed. Now poor *Narcissa* (with the usual Temerity of her tender Sex) began to wish she had not consented to the Execution of this inconvenient and disagreeable Scheme. But she needed not vow to repent the Undertaking, since the worst Part of it was over, with the greatest Prospect of the wished-for Success. And the next Day, Mr. *Wagish*, with a grave and demure Countenance, came

to wait on her according to his Promise. And having a private Audience, wished her Joy of her having gained the Summit of their hopeful Plan, and informed her of every Step they had agreed to take.

In short, *Narcissa* was appointed to stay where she was. And indeed she saw but very little Company; for besides, that she ordered none to be admitted to her but her Friend *Wagish*, the Report of her Adultery had taken Air, and all her Acquaintance began to rail at and despise her; especially her own Sex, who vented their darling Spleen against her, by a thousand different Investives. But this was no more than was before expected, and therefore the News had no Effect upon the constant and innocent *Narcissa*, who had undertook this disagreeable and uncommon Talk in Compliance to her Husband's Request, and in Hopes of a future Reward. And so, indeed, she did. For, in a few Days after, *Lovemore* caused the *Jew* to be arrested, in an Action of Damage, for 10000 *l.* which was soon bailed; but, upon further Advice, being taken in Bed with her, and Witnesses to prove it, the Adultery, he was told, would be found in Law. Upon which, the poor embarrassed *Zorobabel* was advised to offer Terms; which at length were hearkened to, and both Parties submitting to a Reference, they gave the injured Husband 6000 *l.* clear of all Expences; and then, Discharges were drew up, and executed on each Side, as firm as the Law could possibly express. The *Jew* having paid the Money, and all Things set again to Rights, was still in Hopes of tasting Christian Flesh with his dear *Narcissa*, whose Love and Fidelity he did not as yet suspect; and therefore, as *Lovemore* had often declared he would never cohabit with her more, he apprehended that the Transfer would consequently revert back again to him, and his lovely *Narcissa* besides. But, alack-a-day! as he had experienced one direful Disappointment with her before, so did he also find another in that. For no sooner were all Things adjusted between them, but the

the fond, forgiving Husband, no longer able to bear Division from his dear *Narcissa*, recalled his former Vows, and though she had wronged him with a wicked *Jew*, yet, believing her not the worse for his Use, he was willing to cancel all her Faults, and restore her, black and vicious as she was, to his fond, forgiving and eager Embrace.

So that now they appear again together in all public Places, and their Looks are as composed and agreeable to each other, as though this Misfortune had never happened. This creates new subject Matter for Report; and now a thousand different Stories and Suggestions are advanced: And those, who had before slandered the innocent *Narcissa*, now turned their Spleen on *Lovemore*, and called him all the contented Monsters they could think of. But this Kind of Report did not long prevail, before they began to smell out the Plot, and then the Tables were immediately turned again. And *Lovemore's* Father coming to find out the whole Business of the Scheme, was so transported with his Daughter-in-law's Resolution, Love, Duty and Constancy, that he immediately sent for them both to him, and settled upon *Narcissa*, 1000 *l.* a Year, and restored her Husband to his Hereditaments and Favour. This last Stroke perfected the Measure of all their Hopes, and wholly crowned their Happiness, by putting it out of the Power of any Hand, but that of Fate, to cross their Loves for the future. — Thus was the *Jew*, for his Love of Christian Flesh, bilked of his Transfer, bilked of his Lady, and bilked of his 6000 *l.* So that, we may very well say, he was *bilked*, and *doubly bilked*.

Of Gordon, the Highwayman.

*That Man is sure to lose,
That fouls his Hands with dirty Foes ;
For where no Honour's to be gain'd,
'Tis thrown away in being maintain'd.*

Hud.

IT is most true, that we are too apt to acquiesce with the common Customs of the Country, which for the Generality are very erroneous ; and especially in the settling of Points of Honour, such as produce Dueling, &c. And tho' I believe the following odd Story does not present my Reader with what may be critically called a Duel ; yet he will find that it is very nearly related to one : And was occasioned certainly by a mistaken Point of Honour, which proves the Verity and Propriety of the Application of the above Motto.

It ever was allowed, that Mr. Gordon, the Highwayman, was a very able and courageous Man, and an excellent Spy in Behalf of his own Profession ; so he one Day gaining Intelligence of Colonel Manly's setting out the next from London for the Bath, with only one Servant, resolved to give him the Meeting. And accordingly, he set out very early in the Morning, and made all the Haste he could to get the Start of him upon the Road ; and when he had reached Hounslow Heath, he there staid, intending to wait his coming. But after waiting there some Time, and either growing impatient, or fearing he had missed him, he determined to return towards London, and endeavour his Meeting. But presently seeing a poor Man that was going on Foot that Way, he called to him, and asked him, if he was going through Hounslow. The Man replied, Yes, Sir. Then, says Gordon to him, stay a little, and I'll give you a Note

to

to carry there, to a Gentleman ; and if you'll make Haste with it, I'll give you a Shilling for your Trouble. The Man thanked him, and told him, he would make all the Haste with it that he possibly could. With that, *Gordon* desired the Man to hold his Horse, and, jumping from his Back, he took out of his Pocket, Pen, Ink, and Paper, and wrote the following Letter.

S I R,

HAVING received Intelligence that you were this Morning to set out for *Bath*, I thought it my Duty to attend you upon the Road, in order to wish you a good Journey. I have accordingly been upon the *Heath* some Time, in waiting for you, and will not fail to give you the Meeting. If I had not had a very good Opinion of your Courage and Honour, I should suspect your Return upon the Reception of this Note: But as you are a Soldier, and bear the Character of a brave Man, I dare not doubt your Courage or Willingness to exchange a Pistol-shot with any Man that shall require it from you. You, Sir, doubtless, have a Banker at *London*, of whom you can draw for what you want at Pleasure ; and I must acquaint you, Sir, that I have chose you, To-day, for mine. And therefore, shall make bold with one Draught upon you, which I shall expect you will answer at Sight. And likewise beg that you will make all convenient Speed, and not disappoint me ; for I should be very sorry to have it in my Power to report you a Coward. I am, with great Respect and Impatience,

S I R,

Yours, &c.

G O R D O N.

As the Name of *Gordon* was as famous, at this Time, upon the Road, as any of his Calling had been for many Years before, the Colonel could be at

no Loss to know who this Correspondent was. But, (to proceed regularly) he directed his Letter, and told the Man who was to carry it, that if he met a Gentleman upon a handsome stout grey Horse, and a Servant in a blue Livery, he should then pull off his own Hat to him, and ask, if his Honour's Name was not Colonel *Manly*? and if he answered, Yes, then he might give him that Letter: But if not, then he was to go to the Sign of the *Crown* in *Hounslow*; for there the Colonel was to Breakfast, and if he found him there, he was to deliver the Letter into his own Hand. And if he was not come, then he might leave it for him at the Bar; or otherwise carry it on with him, if he did not intend to stop any where, whereby he was liable to miss him. So, giving the poor Man the Shilling, he dispatched him upon his Embassy, and remounted his Nag. The Man accordingly set forth as fast as he could run; but not meeting with any Body upon the Road that answered his Description, he made the best of his Way to the Sign of the *Crown*, and there he luckily found the Colonel, to whom he delivered the Letter, who, when he had read it, was struck with the utmost Amazement, and interrogated the Man that brought it with a thousand Questions. The Man told him the very Truth of every Thing, as far as he knew; which was no more than I have informed my Reader. After this, the Colonel called for the Landlord, and giving him the Letter to read, asked him afterwards, his Opinion of it, and what he would advise him to do? The Landlord answered, that, if he might advise him, he should not pursue his Journey; or, if he did, to travel some other Way; for, said he, I know that he is a desperate bold Fellow, and always doubly or trebly armed. And if I should propose to get some Help and go with you, in order to attempt taking him, it will signify nothing; for no Body will approve the Task: And he so little fears any Thing of that Kind, that he frequently rides through the Town in open Day, without the least Dread. But then,

then, replies the Colonel, if I go back, the Son of a Whore threatens to post me for a Coward. And so he might, if he would, said the Landlord, sure you don't put yourself upon the Footing with a Highwayman, I hope. No Matter for that, replied the Colonel, if I decline my Journey, or refuse meeting him, I shall be laughed at, and, perhaps, suspected for a Coward by my Acquaintance. And though I have above fifty Guineas in my Pocket, I had rather lose them every one than be made a common Ridicule. Besides, I and my Servant have both Pistols, and if he attacks me, I am resolved to bring him down if I can. It is my Duty, both towards my King, my Country, and myself. And so have at him, if he comes in my Way. Here his Servant was called in to him, and ordered to examine his Pistols. When, being informed of the whole Story, and after many Debates had passed at this grand Council of War, between the Landlord, the Colonel, and his Servant, they at length set out with a full Resolution to give the Enemy Battle. Soon as they came upon the *Heath*, they espied the bold Challenger making towards them; and when they came within about an hundred Yards of him, the Colonel and his Man both drawing their Pistols, kept gently on in the high Road. And *Gordon*, with all the Composure imaginable, advanced towards them within about twenty Yards, but without any Sort of Arms to be seen, and putting his Hand to his Hat, he saluted the Colonel as follows:

Good Morning to your Honour. I perceive, by your Preparation, that you have received my Letter. But, I must own, I took you for a Man of more Spirit, than to desire or accept of any Assistance against a single Person. Besides, that Fellow I know to be a Dunghill; therefore, Sir, if you expect a Gentleman's Treatment from me, you must order your Servant to keep a little further off, while you and I decide the present Question. Or else, Sir, I must be obliged to manage Matters accordingly. And I should be very sorry to hurt your Life: But if
I am

I am obliged to engage two of you at once, you will thereby force me to that desperate Turn, which is my Aversion. Therefore, Sir, please to command your Servant to retreat a little, and if he sees you any wise hurt or wounded, let him immediately join the Battle. But I know he's a Craven, and therefore I would not willingly shed Blood if I can possibly avoid it. Here the Colonel ordered his Servant to keep back, and not offer to fire till he bid him. So, advancing himself towards *Gordon*, he immediately drew out a Pistol, and challenged the Colonel to fire. The Colonel declined, and bid *Gordon* fire first; who replied, no, Sir, our Views are different; I want not to hurt you: Your Money is my Motive, and your's is to prevent it; which nothing but my Death can accomplish. Therefore, it is your Interest and Duty to be first with me. At this, the Colonel immediately presented his Pistol at him; which *Gordon* observing, instantly began to make his Horse caper and dance about till he had fired: And the Colonel missing him, he directly returned the Fire, but quite over the Colonel's Head, without any Design to hit him. This sudden Discharge from *Gordon* put the Colonel into a very great Hurry for his other Pistol, and which he also discharged at him with the like Success. Upon which, *Gordon* rode immediately up to him. Now, Sir, says he, I have stood the Risque of your two Fires, without attempting your Life, for that's not what I want; however, now your Pistols are both empty, and if your Servant offers to advance one Step, I'll that Moment shoot you dead. And now, Sir, your Money is what I want, and what I must have. And then we shall part very good Friends. Upon which, the Colonel replied, (delivering his Purse) thou art a bold Fellow! Much Good it may do thee; there it is for thee! And I would not but have met thee, (after I received thy little Love Letter) for 1000*l*. So he gave him all the Money he had about him, to the Amount of above fifty Guineas. But *Gordon* desired that the Colonel would be pleased to accept of five of them back again,

again, to carry him to his Journey's End, which he accordingly did, then shook Hands with him, thanked him, and so they parted.

Obadiah Mousetrap.

*Quoth Hudibras, the Case is clear —
As thou hast prov'd by their Practice,
No Argument like Matter of Fact is ;
And we are best of all led to
Men's Principles by what they do.*

Hud.

IT is most certain, that Men's Actions speak their Principles the plainest, and it is not what we say, but what we do, that wise Men judge by ; and therefore the following Story may be a proper Lesson for the Unwary to take Notice of. Ingratitude is certainly one of the worst Sins that a Man can be guilty of, and in a very especial Manner, when it is committed in a Breach of Trust, under the Person who gives them Bread for Life. If then, I say, such an one should be found betraying his Master's Trust, and yielding up the Right of his, for a sordid and paltry Bribe,—if the Person who had seduced him, should then fight him with his own Weapons, and trick him of his covenanted Reward and unjust Hire, as my Reader will find was the Case in the following Story, such a Person, I say, if he should break Articles with him, and bilk him of his unjust and criminal Expectations, is rather to be commended than the other pitied. There is no Creature upon the Face of the Earth, so guilty of this Crime, Ingratitude, as Man. Even the fieriest of wild Beasts are civilized by Gratitude, and will not hurt their Benefactors and Providers. But Man is daily giving up his Father, Mother, Wife, Children, Friend, nay, and his whole Country, for a mere Trifle. Let every Man, thus guilty, put the Question to himself,
and

and then consider it well, whether he thinks, (tho' he be called to no Account for it in this Life) the Cries and Groans of succeeding Generations, that lie under the Oppressions and Distresses which he before had caused, and brought upon them, will make no Impression upon his final Judge, that may move him to Reward, and punish his Treasons. That Man, who would sell his Trust, I am persuaded, would not boggle at any Thing for Gain; that is, I mean, if he could conceive himself secure from the Power of the Law; and therefore, the following Proceedings of our good Friend, *Obadiab Mousetrap*, will, in my Opinion, be the easier justified, or, at least, excused.

Our Friend, *Obadiab Mousetrap*, who was a Quaker, and a Commander of a trading Vessel, was just returned from a Voyage, into the River at *London*, when he had a Couple of Custom-House Officers, as is usual, immediately clapt on board him: But it happened that two or three Days after, the sly old Fox had a Mind to sound the Depth of those worthy Gentlemen's Honesty, whether with any View to serve his own Interest, I shall leave my Reader to judge of. So one Day, as he was walking upon the Deck with them, and talking of indifferent Things, he says to one of them, we'll suppose him who he thought the properest to begin with, Friend, wilt thou go into my Cabin, and drink a Glass of Rum? I have a Cask of that which is quite neat, if thou wilt come and taste it, and give me thy Opinion of it, I shall be obliged to thee. The Officer complied, and they, each of them, drank a Glass or two of it, which the Officer very much praised. The Quaker perceiving his Spirits a little elevated, and believing him in a proper Cue for his Purpose, pulled out of his Pocket a green Purse, with about sixty Guineas in it. Says he, Friend, as far as I can perceive of thee, thou appearest to me a Person of quick Sight and good Understanding; therefore, I shall have no Occasion to make a Multitude of Words, where I only wish to speak, and straight be understood.

understood. Thou seest this green Purse, and what it contains; if thee, and thy Brother Officer, will give me thy Company for one half Hour, only to drink a Bowl of this Rum, made into what they call Punch, this Purse, and all its Contents, shall be thine, as soon as the Bowl is out; so consider as thee thinkest proper: If thou orderest me to fill the Bowl, I shall know what thou meanest, and will not only immediately obey thee, but will also fully make good my Word. The Officer here gave him a Note of Understanding, and immediately communicated this Proposal to his trusty Companion, who, after some private Confabulation, they agreed to the Captain's Proposal; and the former of these two gave him, as he had hinted, a Signal for the Bowl; which was compounded in a Minute. As soon as this was ordered, the Quaker gave his Instructions to his Mate accordingly, and a Boat was presently hauled up close a-stern, and was put off again for Shore, before the Bowl was near consumed.

Now, our honest Friend, *Obadiab Mousetrap*, being informed by his Mate, and thoroughly satisfied with what in this Interval had been transacted, produced the green Purse, and delivered it to the Person to whom he had promised. But, O dire Disappointment and Confusion! behold the Uncertainty of this World, instead of real Gold, in honest weighty Guineas, impostored Brass filled up their Room, in flashy Counters all. At Sight and Proof of this, how did the invenomed Tongues of the Deceived begin to rave? Their Eyes struck Fire, and their whole disappointed Frames began to shake with Resentment. But our good Friend, *Obadiab Mousetrap*, being assisted by the Spirit, soon found a Way to cool their intemperate Passions. I perceive, says he, my Friends, that you have been deceived in me, as I have been in you, and have understood in Earnest, what I meant in Jest: Is it reasonable to imagine, I appeal to your own Reflection, that I could be so weak as to give you a Purse of real Gold for the good Services of drinking up my Property? No; I think not!

not! however, as you were both Strangers to me, I had a Mind to make Trial of your Honesty; I knew that you would think I had some illicit Business to transact, worthy of giving such a Present, for an Opportunity to do it in: But, ye are both mistaken, I never wronged my King nor my Country in my Life; I look upon you both, as Persons that have infamously forfeited the Trust reposed in you, and are liable of being severely punished for it; which, if I was to be as cruel to you, by informing against you, as you have been to me, by suspecting that I would wrong the King of his Due, that must unavoidably be the Case. But I scorn such an Action, though I despise your Principles. However, my Friends, I would admonish you to be more honest, and more upon your Guard, for the future, which will effectually compleat my good Intention by this Experiment.

The positive Cobler.

Interest makes all seem Reason that leads to it.

Dryd.

THE Word *seem* in the above Motto, we may observe, claims a greater Emphasis than all the rest of the Line; because the Sense of the whole Sentence depends upon it: And which aims no farther than an easy Reproof to those People of a greedy, hasty and unwarrantable Turn of Temper. And such especially, as my Friend *Fleeleather*, the Cobler, in the following Tale. For an obstinate and positive Man is as perilous and inconvenient to trust or employ in any Kind of Business, as that of a too-easy yielding Man; both of which are always liable to Ruin. For as the first is never to be put out of his Way, let him be ever so wrong; so the latter may be as easily persuaded from his, let it be ever so right. Both of which Extremes are ever equally unguarded,

unguarded, irrational and dangerous : And a Sketch of both, the following Story will present us.

Sir *Humphry Credulous* had a favourite Horse that he was extremely fond of, and coming one Day thro' the Field where he was at Grass, he saw him near the Path-way, lying all along stretched out, as though he was dead ; and after looking at him some Time, without approaching any nearer to him, and not perceiving him to stir, he concluded him certainly so. And with a great deal of Concern, without making any further Enquiry, he came Home, and told his Lady, that, by some Accident or other, his poor *Jack*, as he called him, was dead ; that he saw him stiff, and laid out on the Grass, as he came thro' the Field. This News affected the Lady greatly ; and after some Condolement between them, for their Loss, Sir *Humphry* called for one of his Servants, and ordered him to go for one *Fleeleather*, a Cobler, that lived in the Village, who was generally employed to skin the Cattle that by any Accident died in that Neighbourhood, to come and take his Orders for skinning this favourite Horse. Accordingly, when the Cobler came, he told him, that he must go into such a Field, and he would there see a bright bay Horse, lying stretched out on the Grass, within about forty Years of the Path ; that he must immediately skin that Horse, and bring the Skin to him, and then he would satisfy him for so doing. Here the Cobler thanked his Worship, and set out, according to his Instructions, to see poor old *Jack*, who was quite ignorant of all this Matter ; and tho' he was asleep, never dreamed of any such Sentence against him, in the least. But, by-and-bye, the Cobler arrived, and there he saw the Horse stretched out, as Sir *Humphry* had described. So throwing down his Instruments, in order to go to work upon him, they happened to startle old *Jack* ; insomuch, that he jumped up, and marched off as contented as might be. When the Cobler saw the Horse get up, walk so brisk, and look so well, he was a good deal surprized, and began to consider with himself, whether

he

he should follow him, and perform his Orders, or go back and inform Sir *Humphry*, that the Horse was not dead. But after some Pause, he settled it to himself in the following Manner: My Master, said he, did not tell me, whether the Horse was dead or alive; but bid me go into such a Field, and skin such a Horse: And this, I am sure, is the Horse he directed me. And though the Horse is alive, and well, yet if it be his Pleasure to have him skinned, what Business have I to dispute it? I remember an old Saying, continued he to himself, that runs thus:

*Be it for better, or be it for worse,
Be govern'd by those that govern the Purse.*

And, therefore, my Business, at present, is to skin the Horse, and submit all Causes and Reasons to him that owns him. So out the Cocker sets after the Horse, in order to execute his Master's Commands, without further Debate. But *Jack* was so nimble and high-spirited, that it was several Hours before he could catch him. At last he did; and had him secured fast to a Tree, with his Halter, when he pierced his skinning Knife into the poor Horse's Chest, and thereby soon dispatched him. As soon as the Cocker found he was quite dead, he began fleeing of him as fast as he could; which, when he had finished, he carried Home the Skin to Sir *Humphry*, as he had before ordered, who received it with the following Token of Sorrow for the Loss of his Horse. Well, *Fleeleather*, I see thou hast brought his old Hide; but he was as good a Beast as ever Man crossed, and I'll keep the Skin for the Love I bore the Horse. What must you have for your Trouble? Two Shillings, Sir, is the common Price, replied the Cocker, but, Egad! I wish he had not been quite so high mettled as he was, for I am sure I have had the hardest Piece of Work with him, that ever I had with any Horse in my Life; and I hope your Worship will give me t'other Shilling for my extraordinary Trouble; for I am sure I have very well deserved it. Pray, how came you to have more Trouble with him,

him, (demanded Sir *Humphry*) than with any other Horse? Why, replied the Cöbler, because he was such a cursed high-mettled one, that I believe I was full three Hours in catching of him. Heh! What is that you say? (cries the Knight in the utmost surprize) What the Devil, was not the Horse dead then? I don't know, Sir, replied the Cöbler, whether he was dead or not, but I am sure, as soon as I came up to him, he set up his Heels and ran away: And for my Part, I thought I should never have got hold of him. I never saw a Devil gallop about so in my Life, as he did. And if so, that he was dead before, I am sure I was forced to kill him over again, before I could bring you the Skin. Why, you d—mned Villain! (replied Sir *Humphry*) why did you not come and acquaint me that he was not dead, before you meddled with him? I had rather have given you fifty Guineas, than you should have killed him! you cruel, unthinking Blockhead! I can't help that, Sir, replied the Cöbler, it is no Fault of mine. You did not tell me whether the Horse was dead or alive, but ordered me to go and skin him; and I have done so: I had no Right to dispute your Pleasure. I must own to your Worship, that when I saw the Horse get up and run away, I was surprized, and began to reflect to myself, whether I should attempt to catch him, and execute your Commands; or let him alone. But while I was debating the Matter within myself, a good old Proverb came into my Head, that determined the Business at once: And which was this, Sir:

*Be it for better, or be it for worse,
Be govern'd by those that govern the Purse.*

And therefore, Sir, I concluded, that if I had not punctually obeyed your Orders, but had come back without skinning the Horse, you might have as much Reason then, to have been angry with me, as you think you have now, for my punctually performing of them. Here, Sir *Humphry* reflecting, that, in Fact,

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the Cobler was right, and it was entirely his own Fault, in first being too credulous, and then giving such unthinking Directions to this positive Fool, for skinning the Horse; he paid him the Money with this short Admonition, That he would, for the future, forget his d—nned Proverbs, and learn a new Rule of acting by Reason.

Mimickry not always successful.

*Great Actions are not always true Sons
Of great and mighty Resolutions;
Nor do the boldest Attempts bring forth
Events, still equal to their Worth.*

Hud.

AS there is a wide Difference in the various Undertakings of Mankind; so is there also a proportionable Difference in the Consequences of the Success, or Miscarriages of those Undertakings, according to their Significance: That is, I mean, according to the Benefits or Inconveniences which may accrue from them hereafter. And which sometimes arise from the hot-brained Precipitation of the Actor; and sometimes from the Tardiness of those concerned. But as frequently, the Effect of Miscarriages are produced by a Person's suffering himself to be persuaded to attempt what he neither understands, nor is naturally for: And which is frequently done with some secret View, to make an Instrument, (something like that of the Cat's Paw in the Fable) wherein to serve the Projector's End, tho' the other should be sure to suffer for it. But whether this was the Case in the following Story, I shall submit to the Judgment of my Readers.

Sir Gregory Heartfree, a worthy Gentleman down in Kent, was one Day out a Shooting near his own Seat; and as he was returning Home to Dinner, about
a Quarter

a Quarter of a Mile from his own House, he met with *Peter Plodwell*, one of his Tenants, a very credible Farmer; who, saluting him with his Hat, *Sir Gregory* stopped some Time to talk with him, and at length insisted that the Farmer should go Home and dine with him. Neighbour, says he, you have promised me twenty Times to take a Dinner with me, and now, I insist upon it, you shall go with me: I have none but my own Family with me To-Day, and Dinner will be ready in half an Hour; so make no Words to the contrary, but come along. No, Sir, replies the Farmer, I thank your Worship, I cannot come, To-Day; I have dined these two Hours. Why then, says his Lordship, you are ready by this Time for another; and, as the Saying is, the less will serve your Turn. And I do insist upon your Company. Lord, Sir! quoth the Farmer, I had rather dine with your Worship's Servants a thousand Times. Besides, Sir, if I come, I shall be so ungainly, that I shall certainly disoblige Madam, in some Shape or other. Not at all, replied the Knight, she'll be glad to see thee, and takes it very unkind, that you never come to take a Dinner with us. After a great deal of Persuasion, at last the Farmer consented: But all the Way he went, he still complained to *Sir Gregory*, that he was sure he should certainly disoblige Madam. Here it is proper to let my Readers know, that the Knight was, in Temper, the very Reverse of his Lady. For as he was quite free, generous, and good-natured; she was as reserved, proud, and ill-natured. But however, *Sir Gregory* was resolved that the honest Farmer should absolutely dine with him that Day; and Home he takes the Farmer directly with him. But when they came there *Peter* would fain have gone into the Servants Hall, and dined with them. But could by no Means gain Permission. Why, cries the Farmer, what must I do, an't please your Worship? I never go among any Women Gentlefolks, not I. And I shall certainly affront somebody, as sure as a Gun. No, no, quoth the Knight, and to prevent any Thing of that Sort, I'll tell thee what thou shalt do: That

thou mayest be sure to be quite right, thou shalt sit at Table directly over-against me ; I'll carve for thee ; and do thee mind and do as I do, and then thou canst not affront any Body except I do too. Well, Sir, quoth the Farmer, I'll try my best. Ay, ay, says his Landlord, be sure mind me, and then we shall do well enough, I'll warrant thee. So home they went together ; but they had not been in the Parlour long, before the Lady came to them, and Dinner was called for. As soon as she came into the Room, poor *Peter* began to scrape and bow, and blush, and wish in his Heart that he was somewhere else. Seeing of this, Sir *Gregory* whispers him in the Ear, Now Neighbour, be sure you mind and do as I do. With that, tipping *Peter* the Wink, he goes very gallantly up to his Lady, and salutes her. My Dear, says he, this is Farmer *Plodwell* ; and I have brought him here to dine with you. He is very welcome (answers the Lady, curtsying) I hope all your Family are well, Neighbour. Pure well, thankee, Madam, replies *Peter* bowing. Ay, but remember, Farmer, quoth Sir *Gregory*, what you promised, as we came along. Come, you know what I mean. Here he made Signs to the Farmer to salute his Lady. But bashful *Peter* did not chuse to understand them. At length, Sir *Gregory* resolving to have his Humour out, takes him by the Hand, What ! says he, Will you not salute my Wife ? If thou do not, Man, she'll be affronted by-and-bye. At this, the proud Lady began to swell like a Cat's Tail : And the Countryman began to blush afresh, and quake and tremble like a Coward at his last Chance. But the Knight made him advance whether he would or not ; and on he moves him, by main Force, towards the Lady, bowing all the Way he went, and thrusting out his Lips half a Yard before him to meet her : Which when he had done, he made her such a reverend and genteel Bow, that the Lady thought he was going to throw his Head in her Face. All which were Nuts to the good Knight. And now, Ceremonies being over, down they all sat to Dinner, and the Farmer was

was placed at the Lady's left Hand, exactly over-against his Landlord, that he might so conveniently observe his Behaviour, as to copy it that Instant. So every Time Sir *Gregory* put down his Knife and Fork, the Farmer put down his: When Sir *Gregory* called for any Thing to drink, the Farmer did the same exactly. At last the Knight having dined, and not thinking immediately of his Pupil, happened to lean back in his Chair, picking his Teeth, and talking of some Thing or other, in an easy, careless Manner, which the Farmer observing, thought he must do the same; but being not quite so use to it as his Landland was, he happened to lean a little too far back, in the Imitation, when all of a sudden, he found himself and his Chair going beyond an Equilibrium, and tumbling backwards together: To prevent which, he suddenly tried to catch hold of the Table to save himself; but he unfortunately missed the Table, and only caught hold of the Cloth; so down he went, and pulled the Table Cloth, Dishes, Sauces, and all that was on the Table, together, upon the Lady's Cloaths, and himself. Here, the Lady, seeing of this Disaster, the Things all about the Floor, the Farmer rolling in the Midst of them, and herself so greased, began to colour like a Turkey Cock; but the Farmer gathering himself up again, with all the Dexterity that he possible could, begged the Lady's Pardon, and cried out to Sir *Gregory*, Nay, Sir, I told you, I should disoblige Madam; and now, dy'e see! I've all spoiled her Gown! Well, well, quoth the Knight, never mind it, *Peter*, the Joke is worth a hundred of them, at any Time; besides it was my Fault, not thine; and I'll give thee a Bottle of the best Wine in my Cellar for't. So here the Lady was obliged to retire to reshift herself, and her Husband staid with the Farmer, and made him drunk for his Ingenuity.

The faithful Dog.

*So faithful Dogs their fleecy Charge maintain,
With Toil protected from the prowling Train
When the gaunt Lionsess, with Hunger bold,
Springs from the Mountains towards the guarded Fold.*
Pope.

IT is really wonderful to remark, and seriously reflect on the Faith and Constancy of those useful Creatures. Nor is there a Species in the whole animal Creation, that affords so many different Kinds: And most of them, in some particular Way or other, are exceeding useful. But all are excessive faithful and loving to their Keepers. It would be almost endless, as well as needless here, to enumerate the various qualities natural to those worthy domestic Animals. And as I would neither wish them to be abused, or adored, but vied as their Nature and Merit require, I will present my Reader with the following remarkable Story of the consummate Faith and Truth in one of those Creatures. The Groundwork of which I remember to have read in some of the public Papers; and which Story, in my Opinion, is not unworthy a Place in the noblest Memory.

Mr. *Victim*, a Farmer, was travelling some few Years ago in a Bye-road, in some Country Place, on Foot, by himself, excepting the Company of a large Dog, (which was of a Breed between that of a Mastiff and a Bull) and which Dog he had rear'd from a Puppy. So that the faithful Creature had, by his long Use to him, and being bred up by him, contracted so great a Love for his Master, that nothing but Death could dissolve it. But it happened, that as these Travellers were sojourning together, they by Chance met with a Man and a Woman, with each of them a kind of Budget on their Back; like those which Tinkers generally carry. These two had no sooner set

set Eyes on Mr. *Victim*, but they instantly determined to rob and murder him. And accordingly, when they came up to one another, the Man began to ask the Farmer some Questions, and while they were talking together, the Woman (all of a sudden, in a Moment's time, as had been before agreed on between them) came behind Mr. *Victim*, and with a large Hammer, struck him such a Blow on the Head, that he fell to the Ground, as though he had been shot thro' the Heart. The poor Dog seeing this, was instantly flying to his injured Master's Assistance, when the Tipster, guessing the Consequence, met him with a most furious Blow on the Head, with a large Pike-staff, which stunn'd him in a Moment. And then he repeated his Blows, both on the Dog and his Master, till he imagined there could not possibly remain the least Spark of Life in either of them. And to compleat which Work, the cruel and inhuman Woman drew a Knife from her Pocket, and with it, she gave them many dreadful Stabs in several Parts of their Bodies. When this bloody Tragedy was perpetrated, they proceeded to plunder his Pockets of every thing therein : And then they went their way. But though there was neither Town nor Village near the Place, nor mortal Eye (more than their own) that beheld their Butchery, yet the All-seeing Eye of Providence, whose Justice and Watchfulness is beyond all human Understanding and Conception, still marked their bloody Steps, and soon overtook their Deeds. For now the Murderers, with all the Haste they could, betook themselves to a little Publick-house, that was about a Mile and a half from that Place, and, indeed, the only House that was near by several Miles. At this House they proposed to regale themselves, and fix their further Progress. But kind Heaven interposed and prevented their future Designs. Some little time after they were departed from this shocking Scene of Blood, poor *Cæsar* (for that was the Dog's Name) recovering a little his languid Spirits, with much ado, made shift to crawl to the Body of his dead Master.

And finding him quite breathless, laid himself down upon his Neck, and licking his Mortal Wounds, expressed his Lamentations in the most piteous and moving Groans imaginable. About half an Hour after this, two Gentlemen of that Country happened to ride that Way, and coming to the Place where the above Murder was committed, beheld a Sight sufficient to move the most obdurate Heart alive. Gallons of human Blood, mixed with that of the faithful Dog's, formed a most horrid Deluge! and in the Midst of which, lay the Murdered Body of the Farmer, and his mangled Dog licking his Wounds. At this ghastly and sudden Sight, who can express the Gentlemen's Amazement? They stopped and viewed this dreadful Scene with double Horror! For observing that the Blood was not yet cold, they suggested that the cruel Murderers could not be very far off. And therefore, were not certain, that if they staid there long, they might be in some Peril themselves. Yet, this was a Sight which was now before them, that could not be passed by, without the utmost regard; and doubtlessly caused much Reasoning between them. At length, one of the Gentlemen alighted from his Horse, and going up to the dead Body, the poor Dog looking him up in the Face, with such a pitiful and complaining Groan, and then, licking again his dead Master's Wounds, and raising again his Eyes to the Gentleman, as before, that it pierced his Heart to behold it. Here the Gentlemen pitied and bemoaned the poor Dog, (as, indeed, who could avoid it) which *Cæsar* observing, expressed his Sorrow, Love, and Thanks to them, as well as he could. But the poor Creature was almost exhausted, through his vast loss of Blood; though it happened by good Fortune, that none of his Wounds were mortal.

Here the Gentlemen, after some Consultation, agreed to take the Dog away with them, and endeavour to get him cured, if possible. But they had much ado to make the poor Creature to stand upon his Feet, he was so extremely weak. But they encourag'd

rag'd him, and made much of him, and at length, by putting a Handkerchief about his Neck and much enticement, poor *Cæsar* took his Leave of his dead Master. But it was no easy Matter to get him away from him : For when they had got him some little Distance from the Body, he would turn about to look at it, and issue forth his faithful complaining Groans. And which indeed must be very moving to hear. But now, the Gentlemen, after they had a little consulted how they should proceed, resolved to go to the aforesaid little Public-House, as being by much the nearest House to that Place. And there they proposed to leave poor *Cæsar*, in order to recover him, if possible. For, says one of the Gentlemen, who knows but Heaven, by Means of this Dog, may some Day, bring the Murderers to Justice. And in this, indeed, he prophecy'd a Truth ; for they were no sooner come to the Door of the Alehouse (as above) but the Dog began to smell and look about, and to express a very sudden and extraordinary Change ; and which drew a very particular Attention from the Gentlemen. But if this Wonder was raised here, how greatly was it increased, when they came within-side the House ? For scarcely were they entered, but the honest injured Dog flew in an Instant with all the vigour he was Master of, at the poor Traveller who sat near the Fire ; and had certainly killed him (notwithstanding his exhausted and weak Condition) had not the Gentlemen that brought him there, interposed and prevented it. But they had no sooner recovered him from the Man, but he made such another spring at a Woman that was in his Company, and had dealt as roughly with her, but for the like Prevention. And indeed Providence had here directed him to the very Murderers. The poor enraged and vengeful *Cæsar*, thus hindered from the Attempts of his Wrath, began to express his Complaints in a very surprizing Mixture of Indignation. For he looked his new Friends in the Face, very sensible, and breath'd out a Kind of a plaintive and discontented Howl ; and the next Moment, looked at the Man and

Woman, with an Eye of Fire and Passion; accompanied with a threatening Snarl and Growl. All this was very well noted by the Gentlemen; and indeed wrought in them very strong Suspicions. For one of them whispered the other, and desired he would stay there and have an Eye upon the Man and Woman, while he talked with the Landlord. And taking the Dog in his Hand, he says to the Man of the House (who was a Witness to all that had passed, after they came into the House,)—Pray, Landlord, can't you spare me a Place to dress and put this poor Dog in: You see the Creature is in a terrible Condition. Here the Gentlemen having the Dog in a Handkerchief, led him (very much against poor *Cæsar's* Will) out of Sight of the Man and Woman. So, as soon as they were retired in a proper Place, the Gentlemen demanded of the Landlord, how long the Man and Woman had been there? The Landlord replied about half an Hour. The Gentlemen then asked him, if he knew any thing of them? And he returned,—Not in the least. Here the Gentleman thought proper to give the Landlord the whole History of what they had seen, concerning the Dog and his dead Master; and likewise, insinuated to him, that he was of Opinion, that this Man and Woman whom the Dog had assaulted, was in some Shape or other assisting in the Murder. The Landlord, after he had heard the Story, was of the same Way of Thinking; and likewise, judged it necessary and right to instantly secure them both: To this the Gentlemen assented; and also thought it requisite to ask them a few Questions before they proceeded any further with them. Which they according did, but got so little Satisfaction in the Answers, that they immediately laid hold of them, and secured both their Budgets, &c. and carried them before a Justice of Peace. When the Justice had heard the Gentlemen deliver all they had to say, with a full History of what they had seen, he caused the Man, and Woman, and their Budgets, to be searched. But they could discover thereby no Means of Proof, so that *Cæsar* was yet the strongest Evidence

Evidence against them. Then the Justice proceeded to interrogate them; but he could not yet gain that Satisfaction that he wished for. And therefore he put them into very sufficient Custody, and then ordering two of his Servants to take a couple of Horses and a Cart, and directed them to fetch the dead Body to his House; and likewise to call at the above-mentioned Public-House, as they came back, and bring with them the wounded Dog. This was accordingly done. And being by the Justice's Order brought to the Tinker and his Wife, he flew at them (as before) with all the Fury he was capable of. And by his not offering to assail any-body else, the Justice concluded it a Circumstance sufficient to warrant their Commitment, and therefore he sent them to Prison on strong Suspicion, and for further Examination. The next Day the Coroner's Inquest sat upon the Body, and gave in their Verdict, wilful Murder, against Persons unknown. Some few Days after this, the Tinker and his Wife were again examined, but to no better Purpose; they both of them obstinately asserted their Innocence, and solemnly declared they were utter Strangers to the whole Affair. And here being a vast number of People assembled on this remarkable Occasion, the Justice sent again for the aforesaid Dog, to see whether he would meddle with any body that was there present: or single out the Prisoners as he had done before. And no sooner was he within Reach of them, than his languid Strength and Spirits renew'd, and he flew at them with the same Fury. And scarcely was he, by any Means, to be restrained. For as they with-held him from the Prisoners, by main Force, he looked at them with all the Eagerness and Rage imaginable, and endeavour'd the best he could to break his Passage to them. And when any of the Company bemoan'd him, pity'd him, and strok'd him, he would look them so sorrowfully in the Face, that according to every one's Construction, he seem'd to beg for Vengeance, and to upbraid them for preventing it. What may be the secret Thoughts of those
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those guilty Prisoners, when thus attempted and accused by this injured, speechless Animal, I shall leave to the Reflection of my Readers. But so significant did it appear to the judicious Justice, that he thought it unwarrantable to enlarge them; and therefore recommended them to Prison. And the next Day the Coroner issued out his Warrant of Retainer. So that now they were to stand their Trial at the Assizes, which was to come on in a short time after.

In the mean Time, they took all possible Care and Means to recover the faithful *Cæsar*, who could not by any Means be prevailed on to encourage Life, but absolutely refused all Kinds of Sustenance; and would certainly have died, had they not drenched him with such Kinds of Things as were judged most proper by the Surgeon who dressed his Wounds. This Circumstance of *Cæsar's* invariable Malice, made such an unanimous Impression on the Minds of all Men, that the whole Country looked upon it as a special Mark of the Justice of divine Providence. And were so generally prejudiced against the Prisoners, that the Grand Jury made no Difficulty of finding the Bill against them.

So that, now, the Assizes being come, and the Tinker and his Wife called to the Bar, (who both of them pleaded Not Guilty, as they had all along done before) the Court proceeded on their Trial, and after examining all the Evidences for the Crown, and which, indeed, were no more than circumstantial, nor any more than I have already informed my Reader, yet it had a very great Effect upon the whole Court, and particularly the Judge, who earnestly desired that the Dog might be sent for, and the Experiment tried before the Jury, who were to acquit or convict the Prisoners. Accordingly, the poor maimed *Cæsar* was immediately sent for, and came through all the Throngs and Multitudes of People, without so much as offering the least Offence to any Body; but no sooner was he, by Order of the Court, brought near the Tinker and his Wife, than he resumed his former Spirit, and would certainly have tore
them

them to Pieces, had he had but Power and Scope. This Essay was made several Times, by taking the Dog away, and then bringing him back again. Which, at every Return, seemed more and more incensed. At length, the Judge being perfectly satisfied of the Prisoners Guilt, he addressed them thus :

Richard and Mary Mercilesss, (for these were their Names) you are here indicted before me, for the horrible and deadly Sin of Murder ! A Crime that before both God and Man, from the beginning of the World, to this Day, is a crying Sin, which in this Life can never be atoned for. The Soul and Blood of the Murdered will ever rise against you, and tho' no earthly Eye beheld the Cruelty of your barbarous Deeds, but that poor injured Creature, which bears such Testimony of your inhuman bloody Dealings ; yet, were you at that instant both surrounded with the Sight of the present Eye of Providence. And which divine Power, had so ordered it, that this poor Dog (which by the many Wounds imprinted on him, you doubtless left for dead) shall now stand a sufficient Witness against you, to bring you to that Death you deserve ! And when you shall find the Spirit of his murdered Master as ready a Witness against your Souls, as this dumb Creature is now against your Lives. What then, do you conceive, may be sufficient to deliver your guilty Spirits from eternal Punishments ; when you here, in the presence of Almighty God, deny the doing of a deadly Deed, which he himself, with his all-seeing Eye, was a present Witness of ? Shall it, do you think, avail you then, to utter Blasphemy, and tell him that he lies ? Or, what is it less than that, even to deny it now ? Is he not present here before us ? Is he not Witness of what we now transact ? Or do you believe that he is insensible of all we do or say ? If not, what, but a true Confession, and a speedy and sincere Repentance, can give you the least Hope of any Forgiveness hereafter ? Denying a Fact to us, that appears so evident before us, is like the Equivocation, or bold lying of
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the wicked and presumptuous *Ananias* and *Sapphira*, who were justly and instantly struck dead by the Apostles, for their insolent Behaviour, in a double Dealing with their God! And I am so far convinced of both your Guiltiness of the cruel Fact for which you are here arraigned, that if the Gentlemen of the Jury shall find you of my Opinion, (that is to say, guilty of wilful Murder) I will take upon me to answer, with my Soul, for the justice of their Verdict. And I do demand of you once more, as you may answer to the Almighty at the last Day, whether you are guilty or innocent of the Crime you stand indicted for? And according to the Truth of your Declaration, may the Almighty and All-seeing God, who is here now present, an invisible Witness of your Thoughts, Words, and Actions, deal with you both hereafter, according to the Truth of your present Confession.

This Speech from the Judge had the desired Effect; for, upon his pausing for their Reply, the Woman was so terrified with the energy of his Discourse that she fell into a sudden Fit of trembling; and falling instantly upon her Knees, she burst into Tears, and confessed the whole Fact; while the guilty Tinker, her Husband, stood staring by her Side, struck, like an immovable Image, with Horror! Guilt! Fear! and unutterable Confusion! Who, after his Wife had ended her full Confession, unable any longer to deny a Fact which was already sufficiently exploded, he confirmed the Truth of all she had now confessed. At this thorough Discovery, which was greatly owing to the judicious Behaviour and Eloquence of the Judge, who can sufficiently express the sudden satisfaction of the whole Court! The Ladies sympathized with the female Prisoner, and wept for Joy at her Penitence; the Jury were now at no Difficulty to find their Verdict; and every Body present were rejoiced that the Perpetrators of so cruel and horrid an Act were brought at length to Justice. For now they both received their Sentence of a much
easier

easier Death than what their Crime deserved. The next Week after they were both executed ; and the Tinker, according to his Sentence, was hanged in Chains, near to the Place where he had committed the aforesaid cruel Murder. And one of those Gentleman who first found the Body of Mr. *Victim*, took Care of poor *Cesar*, and kept him for his Love and Fidelity to his former Master.

The Arch Methodist, and the Butcher.

*For Gain has wonderful Effects,
To improve the Factory of Sects ;
The Rule of Faith in all Professions,
And great Diana of th' Ephesians.*

Hud.

HOW critically just our Author is in the above Satyr, I shall leave my Reader to reflect and judge of ; and shall only observe here, at present, that the first Motive a Preacher (in all kind of Sects)

h in view, is personal Interest ; and I may venture to say, that so little general Charity exists amongst that Tribe, that take away from them all Probability of Profit, and very soon you would not find a Preacher in the Kingdom. But our Arch Methodist, of whom the following Story treats, was very singular in his Doctrine ; for he not only preached, but encouraged public Charity to public Ruin ! and private Contributions to Family Destruction. To suppose that one of that Sect will allow Affirmation to be true, will be, as though we should suppose that a Roman Catholick will allow his Church quite fallible ; or that a Quaker, in preaching, speaks the purest of Language. If it may be imagined that we may guess at the Methodist's Principles, by this Arch Methodist's

Methodist's Actions, read the following Story and be informed.

Mrs. *Scragget*, a Butcher's Wife in *London*. being, thoroughly converted to the Methodist Principles, became one of the most zealous Followers of this new Doctrine: and her Husband, who was a very honest, industrious, and indulging Man, never offered to hinder her from attending and following her new Saviour; because (as he often said) it might perhaps be the Cause of her making him a better Wife, than she might otherwise possibly be; and therefore he should lay no Restraint upon her to the contrary. But it was not long before he found his Mistake; for one Day she having been at Church on *Kennington* Common, and there heard a most excellent Sermon on the Virtue of Charity, she resolved to save her own Soul, though her Husband should go to Goal, and her Children should perish for it. For it happened, that this Day her Husband expected a Salesman to settle Accounts with him according to Custom; and being obliged to go out himself on some necessary Business, that could not be well avoided he left fifty Pounds with his Wife to pay to the Salesman, according to his Promise; and which was the full Money that he owed him. The honest Butcher, her Husband, could have no Reason to doubt her Fidelity and Conduct in the Discharge in that Trust, because it was not the first Time by a great many, that he had entrusted her with a much greater Sum; and which she had paid with the utmost Exactness, to the very same Man. But now she was informed by her new Teacher, that Charity was the first step to Salvation, and that Christ had advised the rich Man, (if he would be saved) to give all he had to the Poor, and follow him. This made her resolve to purloin Part of the fifty Pounds which her Husband had entrusted her with, and to give it to her righteous Teacher, that he might bestow it in such charitable Uses as he himself might judge most necessary. So that when the Salesman came for the Money, she thought it no Sin to lessen her

her Husband's Reputation, Substance, and Credit, and to rob her whole Family to enable him to carry on his Scheme and Project of gaining and establishing the Name of a charitable Man ; and one, who would relieve the Poor and Needy, though with the Property of other honest and industrious People, whose Merit and Necessity, perhaps, deserve more the Contributions of the Wealthy, than those very Persons to whom their defrauded, hard-got Property, was ostentatiously and improperly given.

So, I say, her Husband was no sooner gone out, but Mrs. *Scragget* began to cut and contrive how she should mangle and disjoint the Sum which her Husband had entrusted her with ; in order to compleat her new-formed Plan, of being enrolled a charitable Saint, in her dear Arch Methodist's Books. And it was not many Minutes, before she had resolved as follows : She takes out of the Bag ten Pounds, and away she posts to the Doctor's Lodgings as fast as she could ; begging very hard that he would be graciously pleased to accept of that little Moiety, and add it to the many other charitable Benefactions he had raised : which the good-natured Doctor (not only as being of a very condescending Nature, but also, of a very scrupulous and conscientious one) very readily complied with ; heaping a Multitude of Praises and Benedictions on her Head, for so laudable and Christian-like a Donation. Having done with the Doctor, and returned Home, it was not long before the expected Salesman came ; and with an unbounded Conscience in full Expectation of the whole fifty Pounds. But, to his no small Disappointment, Religion and Charity had dwindled it down to forty. And, what was to be done, in this Case ? the good honest Butcher had never as yet been short in his Payments, and ten Pounds was a great Diminishment ; but for her to talk of Religion and Charity to such a filthy Sinner as this unconscionable Salesman was, who expected all his Due, was just casting the old Proverb before Swine. Therefore, since the Truth was like to be of
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so little Service with him, she was of Necessity obliged to supply its Place with the gross Sin of Lying. But we have many Authorities for so doing, that will totally annihilate the Offence. Such as, the Truth is not to be spoke at all times ; a Lie sometimes prevents more Mischief ; let us do Evil, that Good may come of it, and so forth. But the following Lines, which we have quoted from *Hudibras*, that Oracle of Wit and Humour, not only excuses us in this Proceeding, but also, upholds, supports and warrants us in a further Progression than that of barely Lying ; especially to such Saints as the Heroine of our present Story.

*For if the Devil, to serve his Turn,
Can tell Truth, why the Saints should scorn,
When it serves theirs, to swear and lie,
I think there's little Reason why,
Else he has, a greater Power than they,
Which 'twere Impiety to say.*

The Rationality of the above Lines, I may suppose no Body will attempt to contradict ; and by which my Reader may plainly see, our Female Saint had sufficient Authority, not only to lie, (as I hinted above) but also to swear as much as she thought proper, if she had judged it necessary. But, as my Reader will find, her Piety assisted her sufficiently without. As soon as the Salesman came, she goes directly up Stairs for the Money, and began to consider, what he should say to him, that would be likely to appease him for the Deficiency of the Sum. But, as the Scripture says, it shall be given you in the Hour what you shall say. So was it here to a Tittle. For, upon her telling him, that her Husband had been disappointed in the receiving of some Cash, and that the ten Pounds should be made good in the next Payment ; the good-natured Salesman, replied, Madam, I have no Reason to doubt your Husband's Honesty, he never was short in his Payments before ;
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and I cannot say but I am a little disappointed with this ; because I had promised to pay it away, But I hope I may depend upon it next Week ? Which the good Woman told him he might be sure of. And so he gave her a Receipt for forty Pounds, in Part of the fifty, which a little discomposed her too ; because she had not thought of that Point before, but had designed to have broke it to her good Husband by Degrees, as she should find herself inspired and inwardly directed. However, at worst, she reflected that such pious Deeds could not be wrought without some Inconveniences ; and the more Difficulties she had to deal with, in the accomplishment of this good Work, the more Virtue was in her attempting it.

But now, the Husband being returned ; the first Thing he enquired after, was, whether the Salesman had been there for his Money : And she telling him, Yes ; produced the Receipt : and, at the same Time, prepared him the best she could, for the Surprize she was going to put him into. Here, said she, is the Receipt ; but don't you be surprized, my Dear ! nor angry with me, for God will reward us for the Good I have done : I hope there is a Treasure laid up for us in Heaven, that will never rust or decay. This World is transitory, and the only way to be happy is to be doing all the Good we can, while we live in it, that we may reap the benefits in the next. And so, my Dear ! you must not be out of Humour, or take it ill of me, that I have taken ten pounds out of the Sum you had left with me, and gave it to the good Doctor *Fairfield*, to be bestowed in charitable Uses to the poor and Needy, that God may give a Blessing to our Endeavours in this World, and receive us in the next to all Eternity.

At this divine Speech the poor Butcher stood aghast ! and could scarcely believe his Ears. So many Thoughts immediately occurred, that he was quite confounded ; and though her Discourse had thrown him into the utmost Passion, yet was he so embarrassed, and amazed, that he stood for some Time as though
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he had been deaf and dumb. At length, recovering himself a little, he wisely waved all Resentment and Reproach : and assumed the cool Politician in the Manner following. Well, my Dear ! I can't say but what you have done, in regard to the ten Pounds, has a good deal surprized me ; but as you have often given me so good a Character of the Doctor, I hope the Money will not be thrown away ; and we must endeavour the best we can to supply the want of it, by our future Industry. — I hope the Doctor will apply it as he ought, and then many good Things may be done with it. Ten Pounds is a great deal of Money, and to People of our poor Pretensions, it is an Estate. I must confess, my Dear, (continued Mr. Scragget) I have that good Opinion of your Understanding, that you would not have put so much money into his Hands for such Purposes, had he not been a Man worthy of the highest Esteem and Trust. But pray, my, Dear, is the Doctor a proud Man ? — Because I should be glad to converse with him. — But, I suppose, he's above visiting such a poor Habitation as mine ; else, if he would come and take a bit of Dinner or Supper with us, he should be welcome, and I shall be proud of his Company. I do assure you, I would entertain him in the properest Manner I am able ; and perhaps I might profit by his kind Visit ; for I confess I am a very unworthy Sinner. — If I thought he would come, my Dear, you should make him an Invitation as soon as you please.

At this Discourse of Mr. Scragget's, who can express his good Wife's Joy ? She burst into a most pious Transport, and called for all the Blessings of Heaven and Earth upon her dear Spouse ; whose sudden and miraculous Inspiration, she was sure was wrought only by the Doctor's Prayers, as a visible Reward of her bounteous Charity. — Thus was she running on in a very rapturous Manner, while the politic Butcher kept time with her Transports, and sympathiz'd with all she said. And having, as

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she thought secured him to her With, she proposed an immediate Invitation of the Doctor, and entertain him (as he had hinted) the next Day. Which he, without the least Hesitation, directly consented to. — With all the transported Haste imaginable, away she posts to her dearly beloved Doctor, whose Humility and weak Condescension did not suffer her long to importune for his Consent ; but readily accepted the Invitation ; in all Probability in Hopes of another Tithe Sum (and the next Day, according to his Promise, he came. — When all Dinner time the Butcher seemed to be mightily pleased at the good Doctor's sanctified Carriage, and behaved himself as demurely and hypocritically as the best Methodist of them all could do. Insomuch, that his Wife and the Doctor had good Hopes that he would devote himself entirely to their Principles, and a good Saint. — But alas ! now comes their Mistake ; after Dinner had been some little time over, the Butcher takes his holy Guest into another Apartment, pretending that he had some few Questions to ask of him ; — and so he had, indeed, but not on those Topics that the Doctor might suspect. For the sole Business he had now in View, more immediately concerned the Salvation of the Body, than that of the Soul ; and therefore, with as much Prudence and Eloquence as could be expected from one of his Profession, he addressed him as follows :

You'll excuse, in me, reverend Sir, all that appears deficient, either in my Manner of treating, or addressing you ; but much Ceremony is quite out of my way, therefore with your Permission, I shall, without further Preamble, come immediately to the Point. — Having Yesterday some urgent Business that required me the whole Day from Home, I left a Sum of Money with my Wife, which I directed her to pay away to a Creditor of mine ; whom I expected would come purposely for it. But I was no sooner gone out, than she wickedly purloined Part of the Sum I had entrusted her with, and as she tells me,

me carried it to you, and delivered it into your Hands.—Now, Sir, as this was not the first time by many, that she has left her family Affairs, to attend on you, without my Knowledge, I know not what Trade you may have had heretofore together;—this Money of mine, which she paid into your Hands, I am willing to think she lent you; and which I hope you are willing to pay back to me immediately. For if we may, or can suppose that this Money was not lent you, then was it a Breach of Trust in her, and you, by receiving it without my Knowledge, or Consent, or any valuable Consideration, are her confederate: For it appears very plainly, by her Confession, that when you took the Money from her, you neither asked who she was; or what she was; whose Money it was; or how she came by it. And had you asked her any of these Questions, which certainly you ought to have done, then would you soon have been informed, that she neither had any right to dispose of that Money, nor had you any right to receive it. Therefore, Sir, to be brief with you, I shall expect that you immediately refund it, or otherwise I shall carry both you and your Disciple before a Magistrate, and will prosecute you as Abettors, and Confederates in the Fraud. The Shortness of the Thing is this, Doctor; that if this Money be not paid To-night where it was before designed, I shall be in Peril of going to Goal for it To-morrow. And therefore, Sir, I am determined, that if you do not immediately re-pay it me, I will absolutely send your reverend Worship there before me. This was a Storm the good Doctor could not in the least expect, and it came so suddenly upon him, that all the Shifts he could at that Time think of, to evade the Payment demanded, was, that he never carried so much about him. That as to the ten Pounds, which his Wife had paid into his Hands the Day before, he said he had paid it to his Banker, for the good Use and End which she had proposed it. And that, as to himself, worldly Wealth was not his
View;

View ; nor could he command half that Money on any Account. That all Subscriptions and Collections, that were made through his Labours, were deposited in Mr. *Keepgold's* Hands, to carry on a great and particular good Work ; and that all he had to do with it, was to see it at last disposed of, and laid out according to the wise and pious Intent of the charitable Donors.

The Doctor was thus running on, in a very smooth Manner, when the resolute Butcher swore a great Oath, (which made him tremble) that he would not be preached out of his Money ; that he worked very hard to maintain his poor Family ; and that he would not go to Goal, for never a canting, Hedge-preaching Son of a Whore in *England* ; And therefore, if he did not either re pay him the Money directly, or give him a Draught upon his Banker at Sight, he would take him that Minute before a Magistrate. Which the pious Doctor refused to comply with ; till the Butcher calling for his Man, ordered him to go fetch his Neighbour *Longstaff*, the Constable, that Moment. Here, the Doctor reflecting, that such a Progression would neither run out to his Credit, nor Advantage, thought proper to capitulate : and with a great deal of Reluctance, gave him a Bill upon Mr. *Keepgold*, for the ten Pounds at Sight, which the cautious Butcher, had Cunning enough to send for, before the Doctor could depart. But the Money being paid, and the Messenger returned, he dismissed his reverend Guest with this short Harangue.

Master Doctor, your whole and sole View of carrying on this Scheme for a general Contribution of public Charity, seems to me, no more than a mere Veil, or outside Shew to cover your deeper Designs ; and that your main End is manifestly no more than to get Money. As to Religion and true Piety, I apprehend you possess no more than myself ; for if we may measure it by your Conscience, or rather your Proceedings, I must conclude you have really none at all. But however, be that as it will, I am convinced that
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it is neither prudent, creditable, nor profitable to have any thing to do with you. And so, Master Doctor, I thank you for your good Company To-day, and desire no more of your Custom. For, by G—d, if ever I know that my Wife goes after you, to you, or near you, designedly, from this Hour, I will so, sure as she was ever born, almost break every Bone in her Skin. After this, the Doctor seemed very uneasy till he was gone out of the House. And being gone, the Butcher acquainted his religious Wife with all that had passed between them; confirming, with several Oaths, his Resolution of a corporal Punishment for her, if ever she followed him again. Which the Story should inform us had the desired Effect.

F I N I S.